

JUNE
No.77



SMASH COMICS

10¢

MIDNIGHT

asks,
**WHO IS
LILI DILLI?**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

NEW! *Jim Prentice* SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 **ELECTRIC BASEBALL**

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 481 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME—DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!



SAYS DAD...
THE COACH

HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEANED!

GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!

AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD

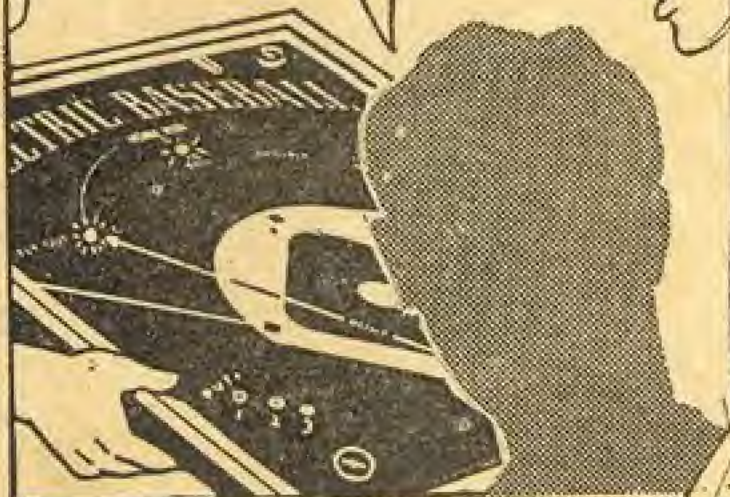
HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!



WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!

OH, BOY! LET'S GO!

HEY, THAT'S KEEN!



I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE. YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!

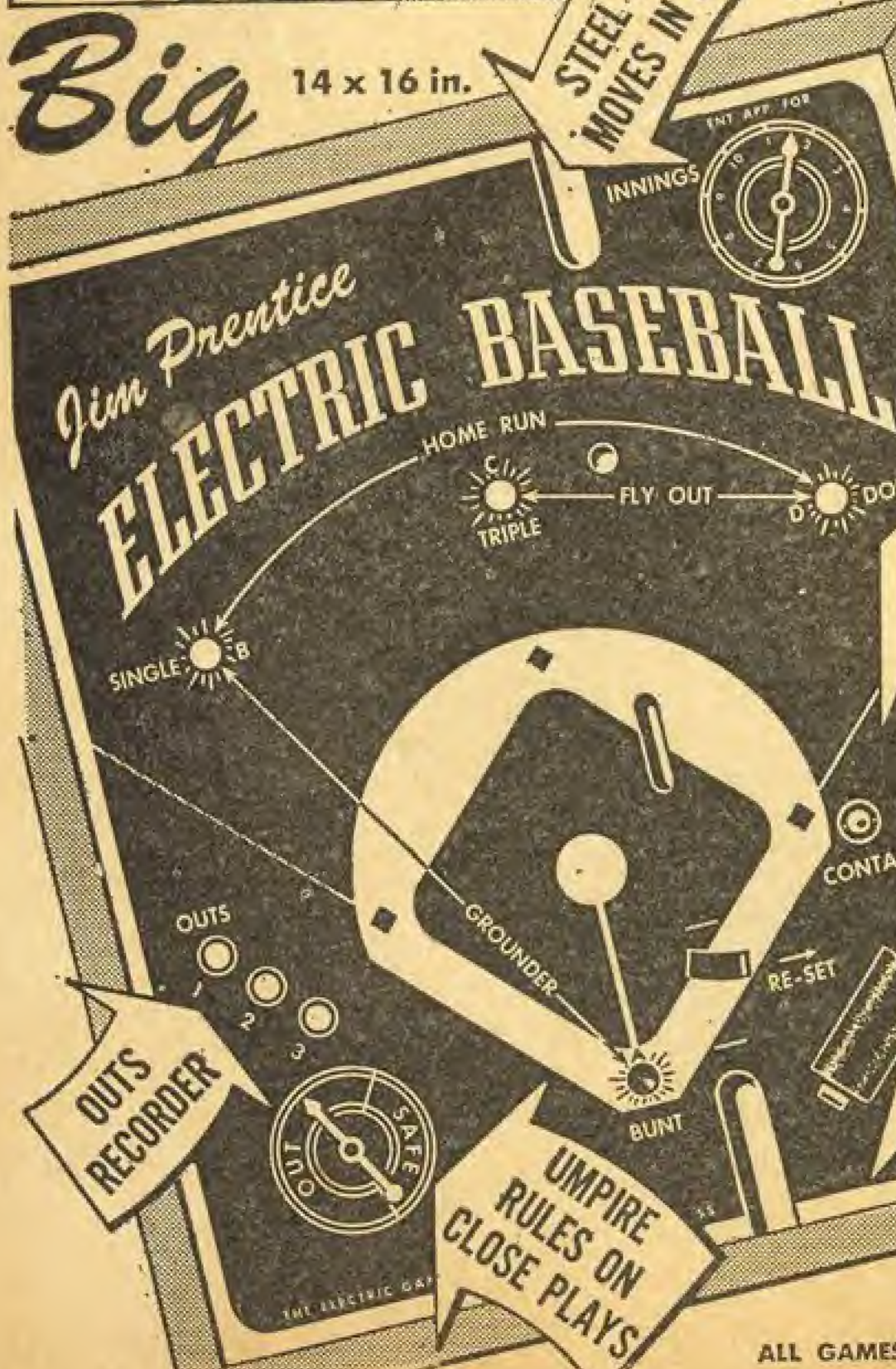


WE WANT A HOME RUN!

STRIKE HIM OUT!

I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!

WATCH MY FAST BALL!



Hi, Fellers!

This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and zooming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play... It's the last of the 9th... score tied... bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or WHIFF the breeze? Hero or dud? Batter must be sharp to "contact" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at homeplate. He learns the fine points, when to bunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play of the game packs every minute full of spine-tingling thrills, breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times. Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built.

\$3.00
POSTPAID

Special Price! If you act today you can get your game at the special pre-season price of \$3.00, complete with new extra long-life (5-times) battery, ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pin \$1 to this ad and pay the postman the balance \$2.00 on delivery. WE PAY POSTAGE AND COLLECTION CHARGES.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.
481 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

\$3.00	\$2.50	
BASEBALL	FOOTBALL	AMOUNT ENCLOSED

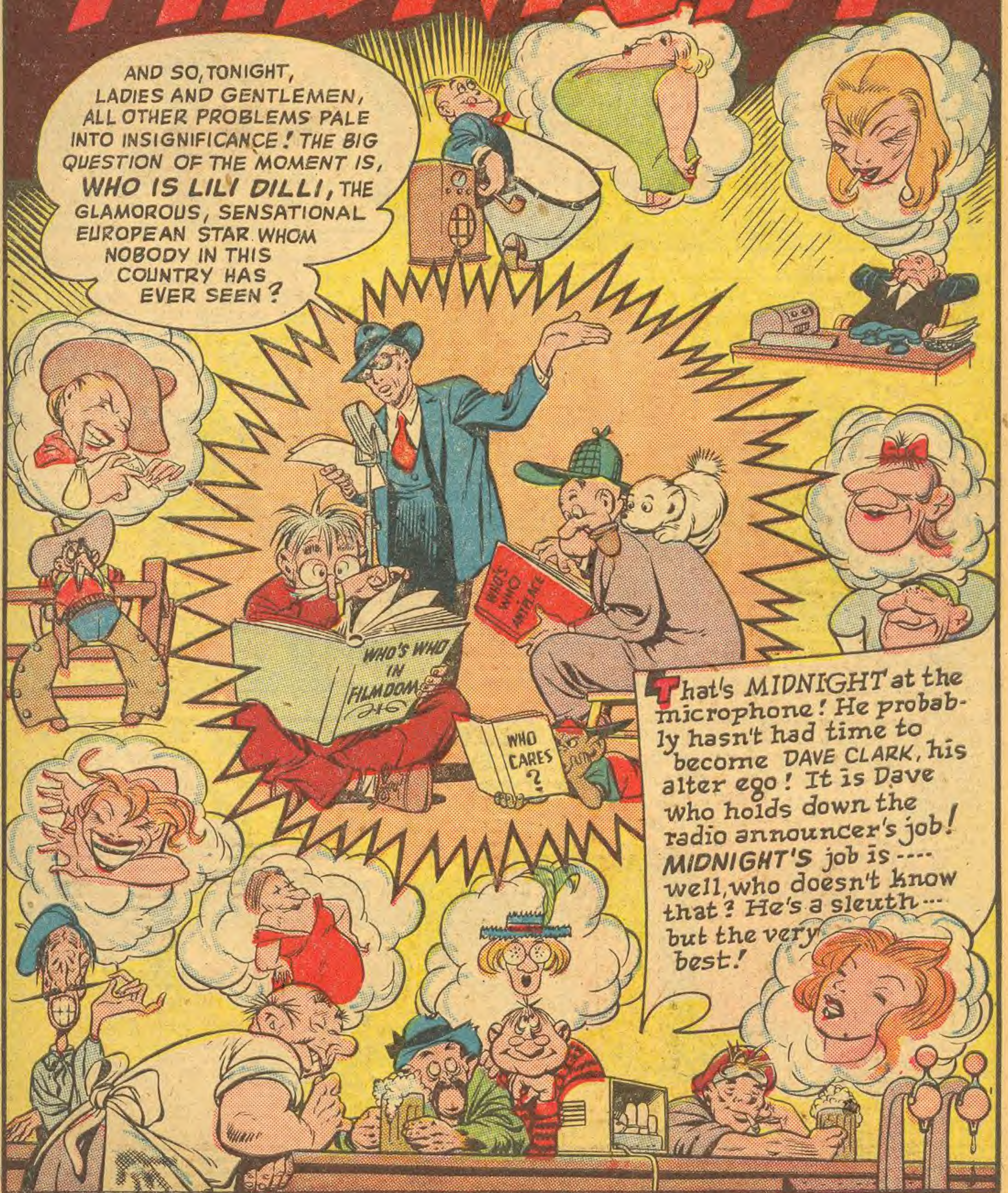
COD. Send \$1. Postman collects balance.

Name _____ Age _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

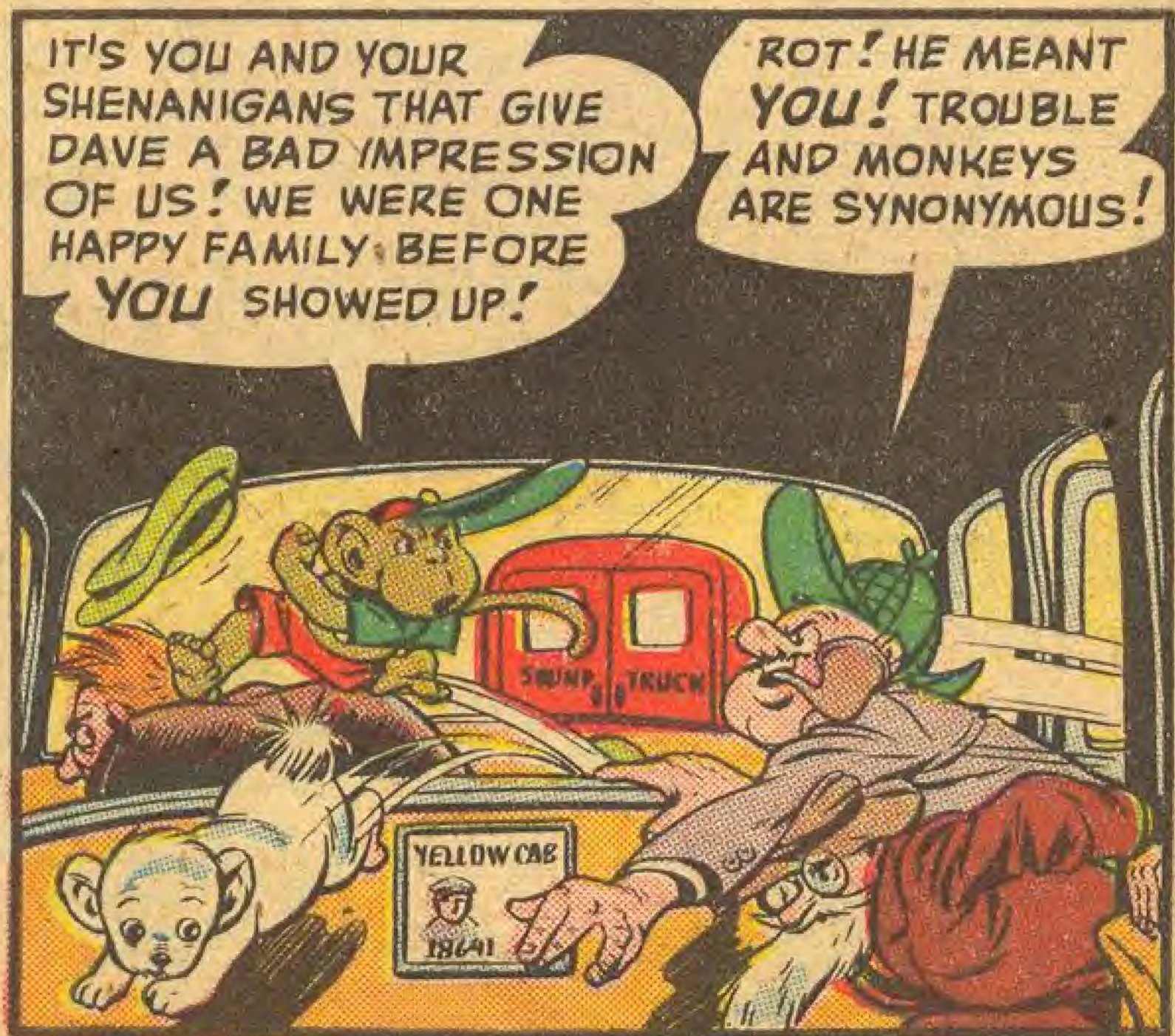
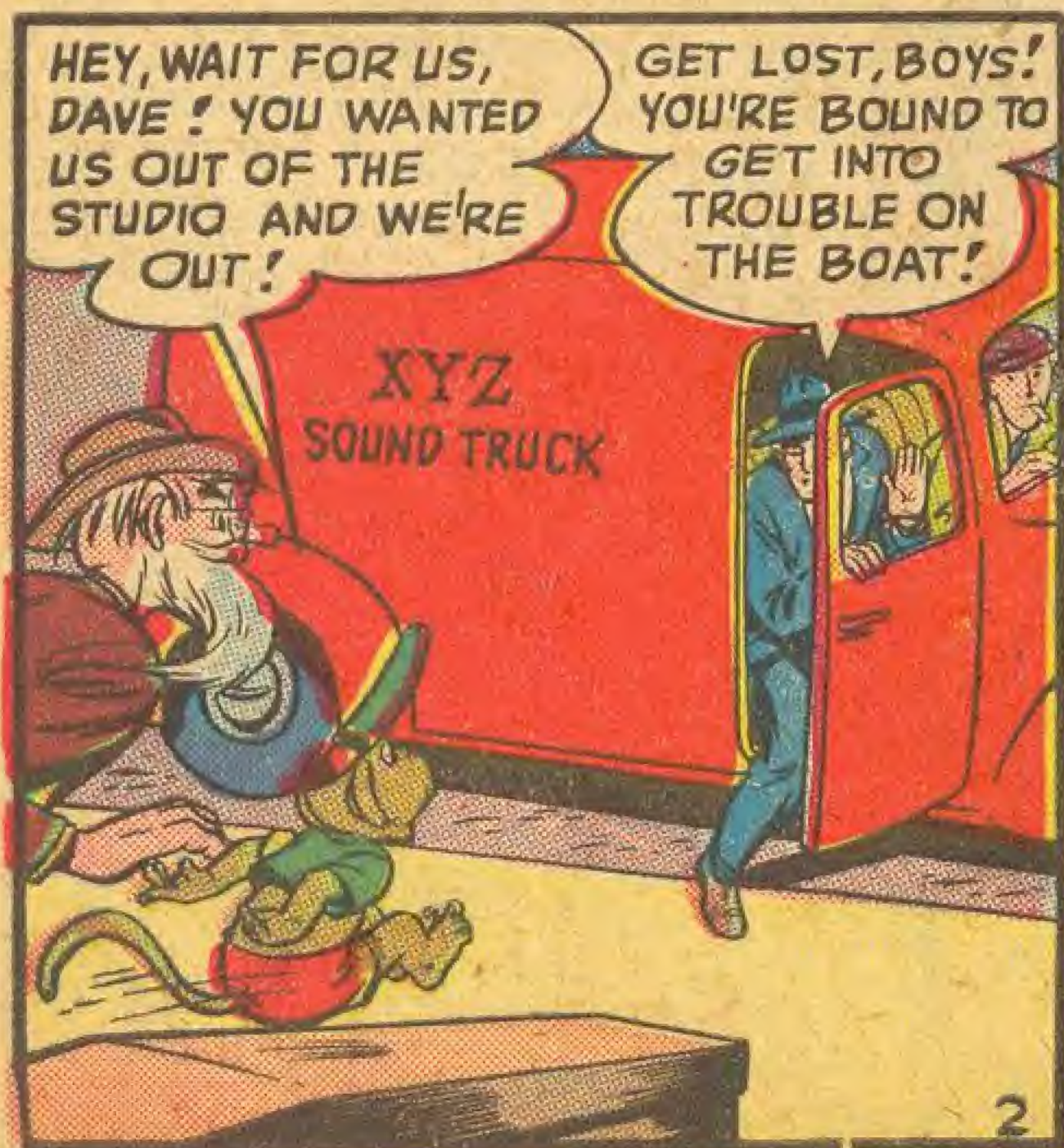
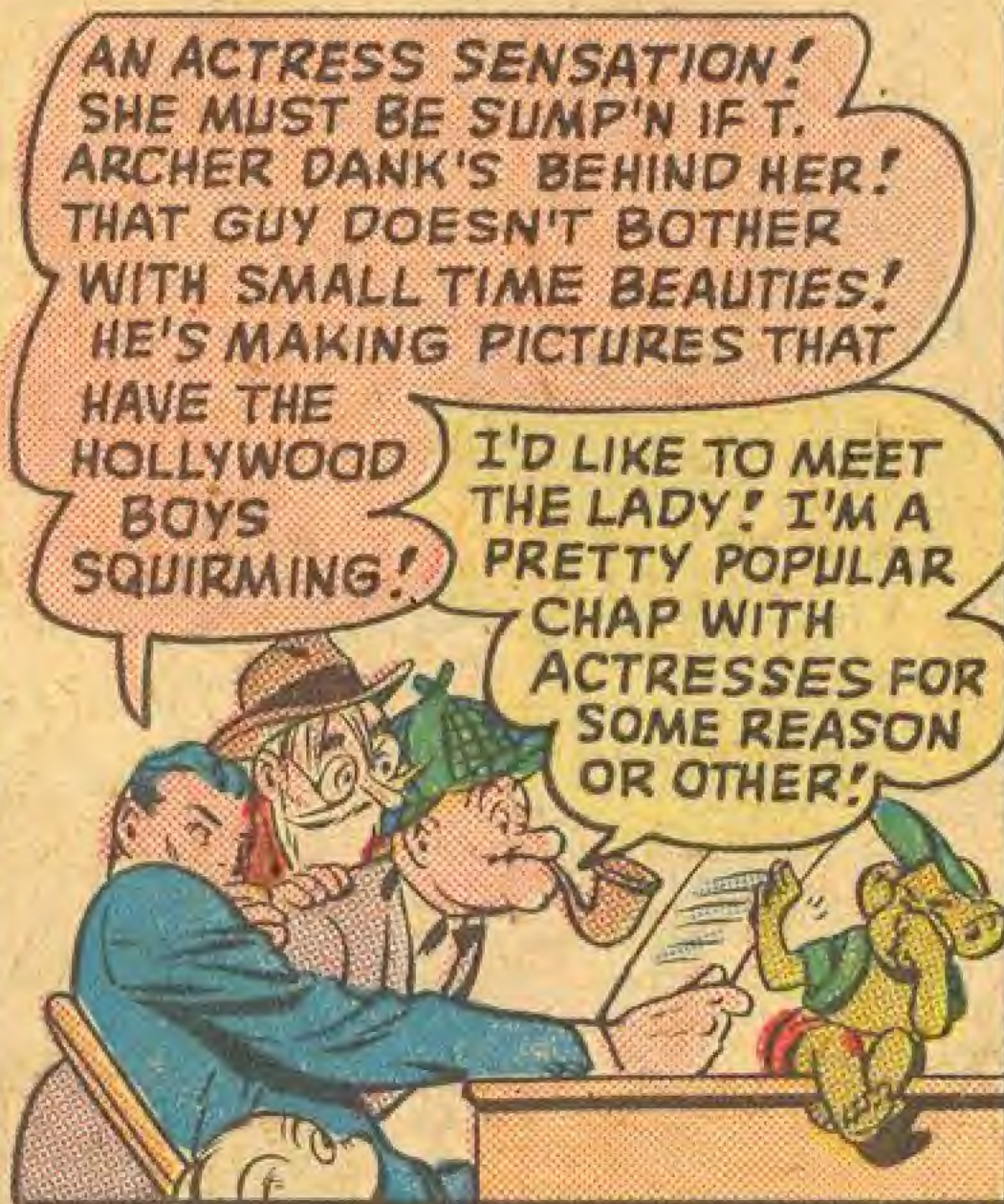
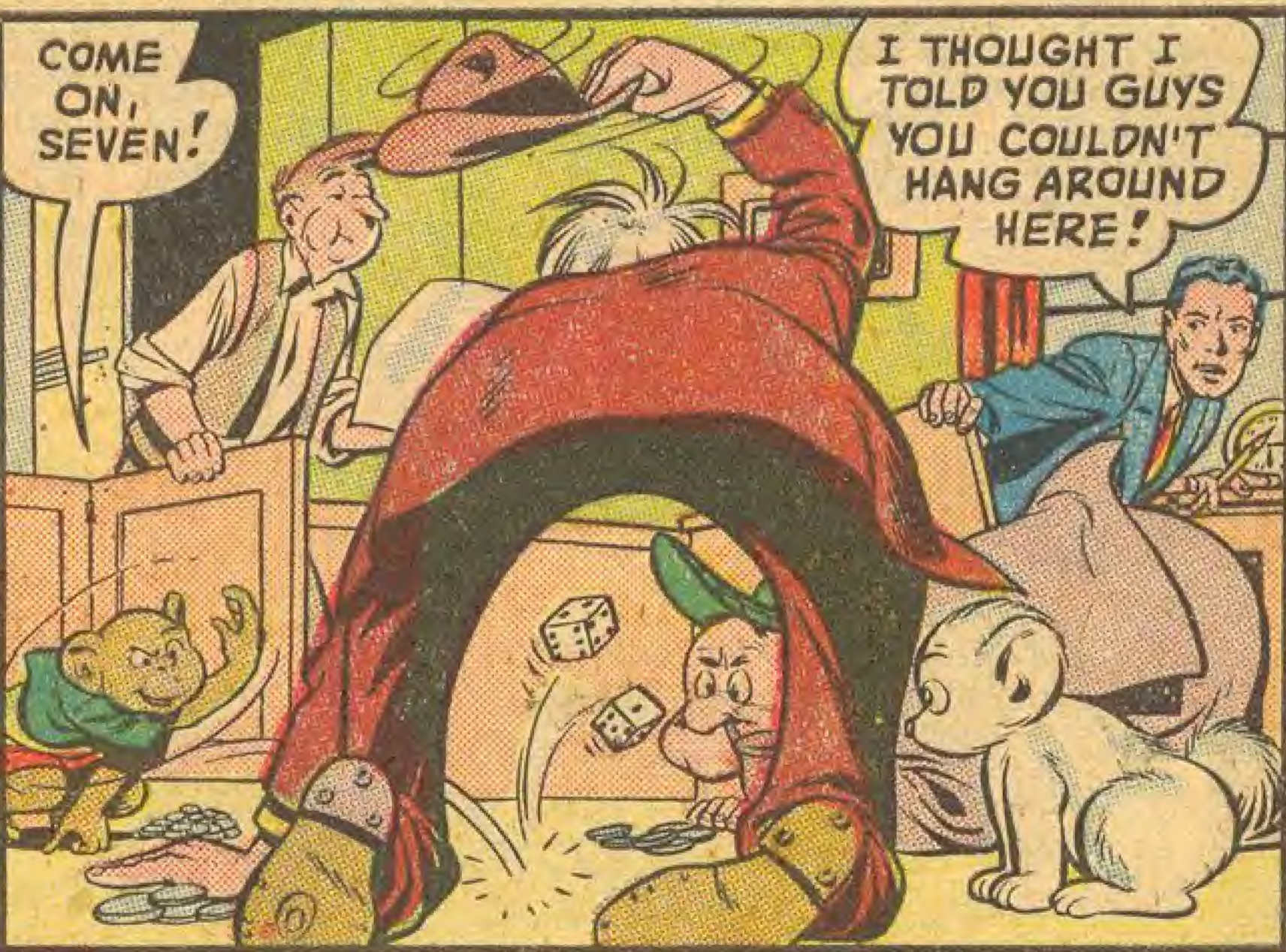
ALL GAMES POSTPAID

MIDNIGHT

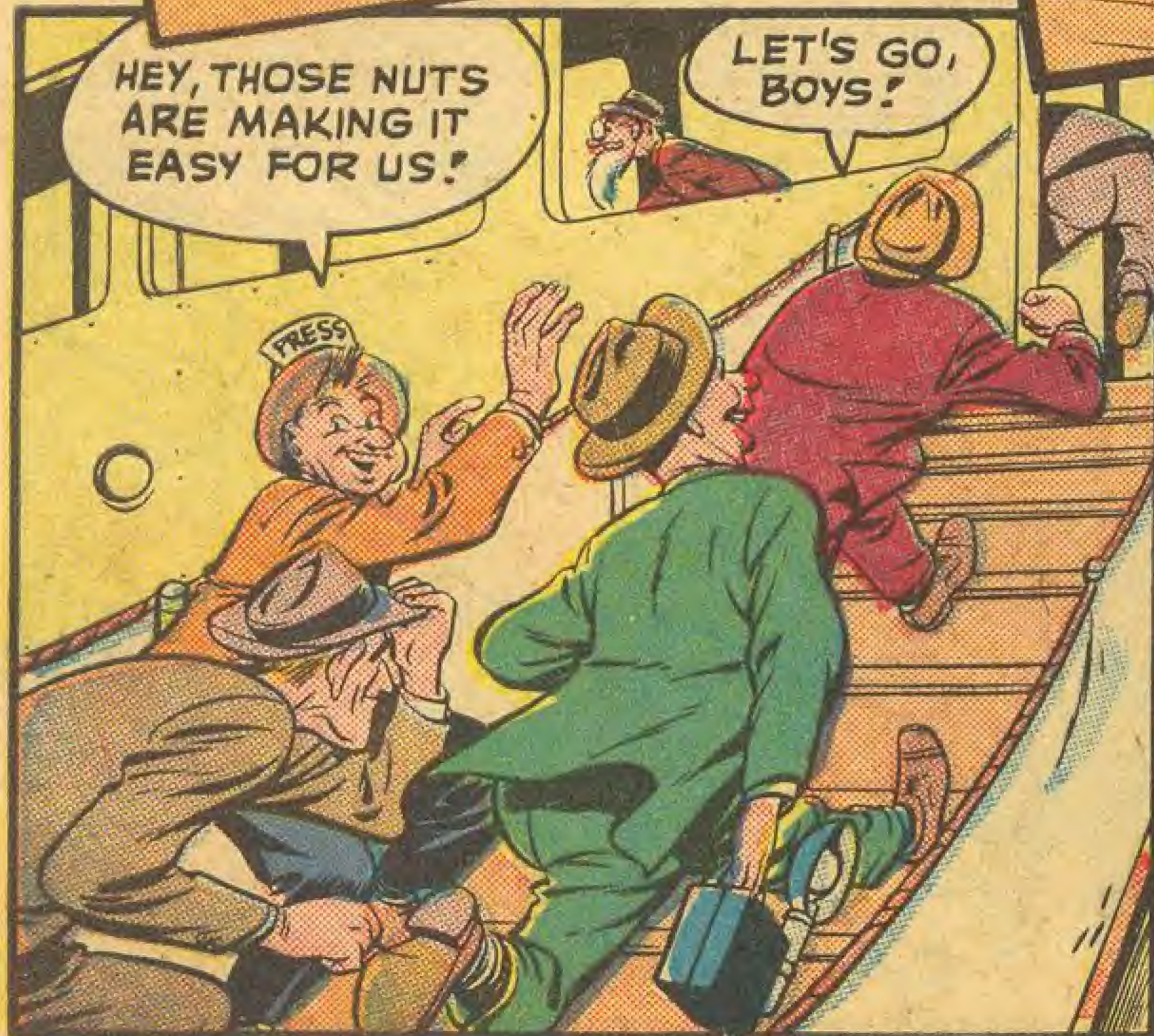
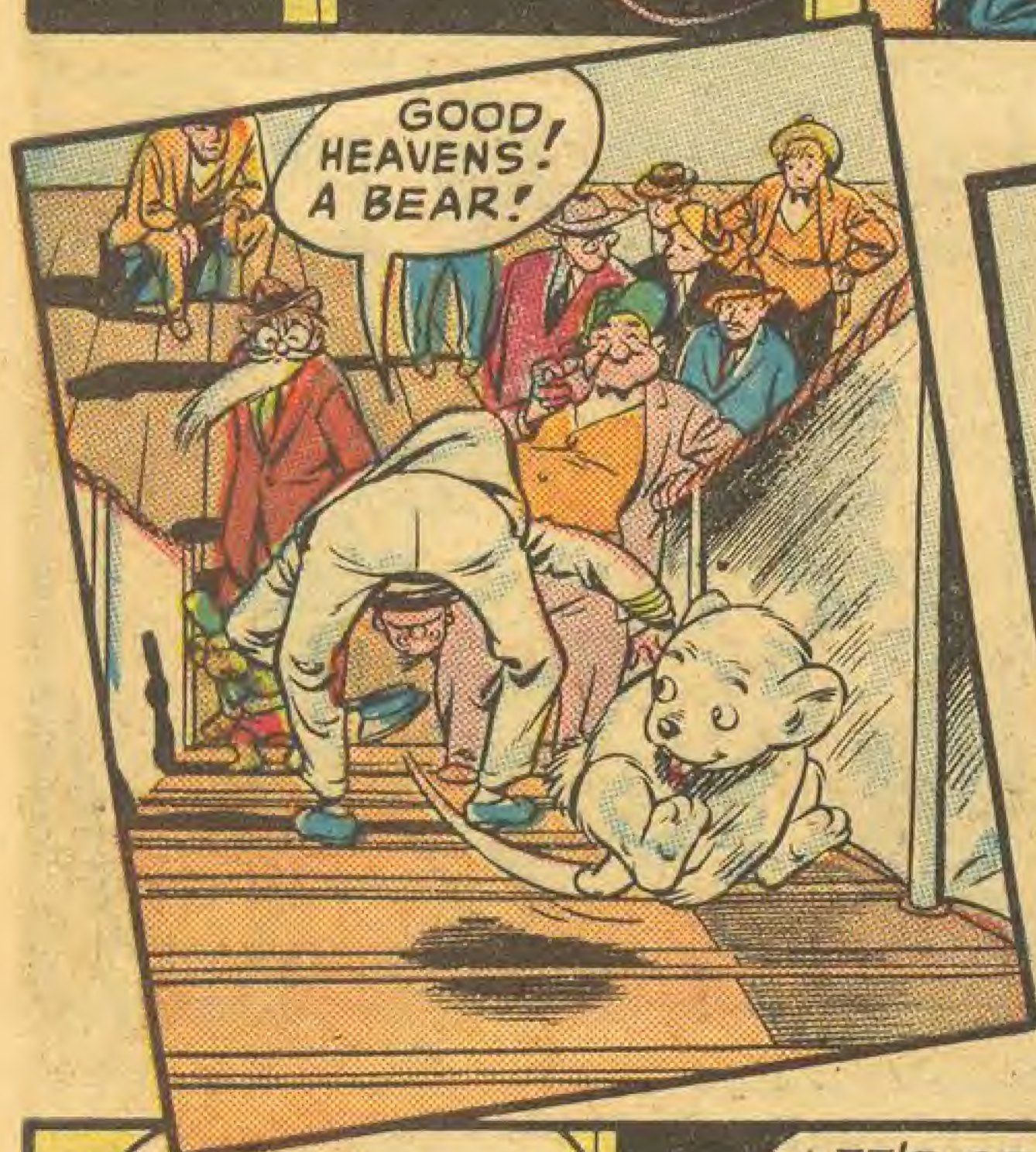
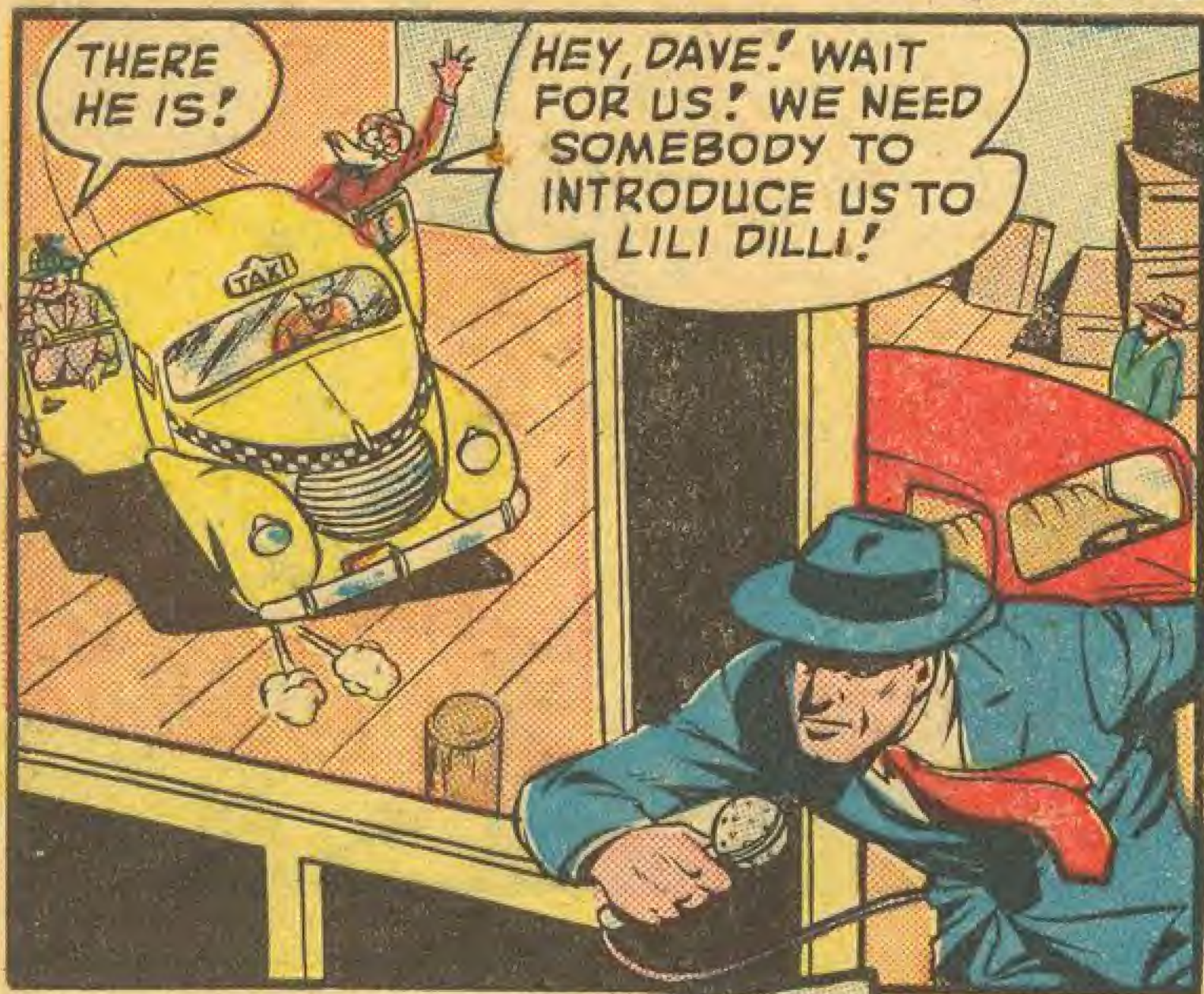
AND SO, TONIGHT,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
ALL OTHER PROBLEMS PALE
INTO INSIGNIFICANCE! THE BIG
QUESTION OF THE MOMENT IS,
WHO IS LILI DILLI, THE
GLAMOROUS, SENSATIONAL
EUROPEAN STAR WHOM
NOBODY IN THIS
COUNTRY HAS
EVER SEEN?



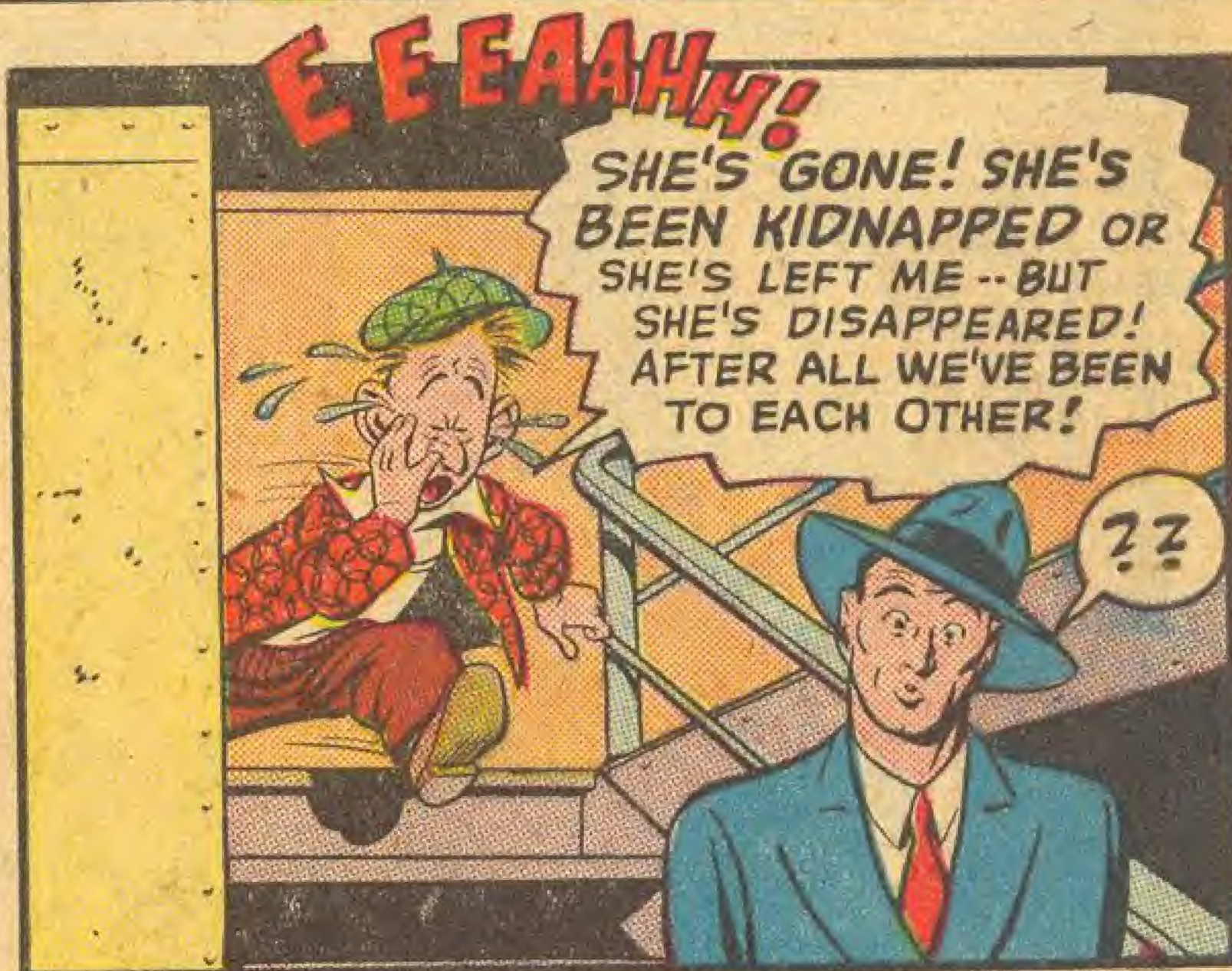
That's MIDNIGHT at the microphone! He probably hasn't had time to become DAVE CLARK, his alter ego! It is Dave who holds down the radio announcer's job! MIDNIGHT'S job is ---- well, who doesn't know that? He's a sleuth... but the very best!







SMASH COMICS

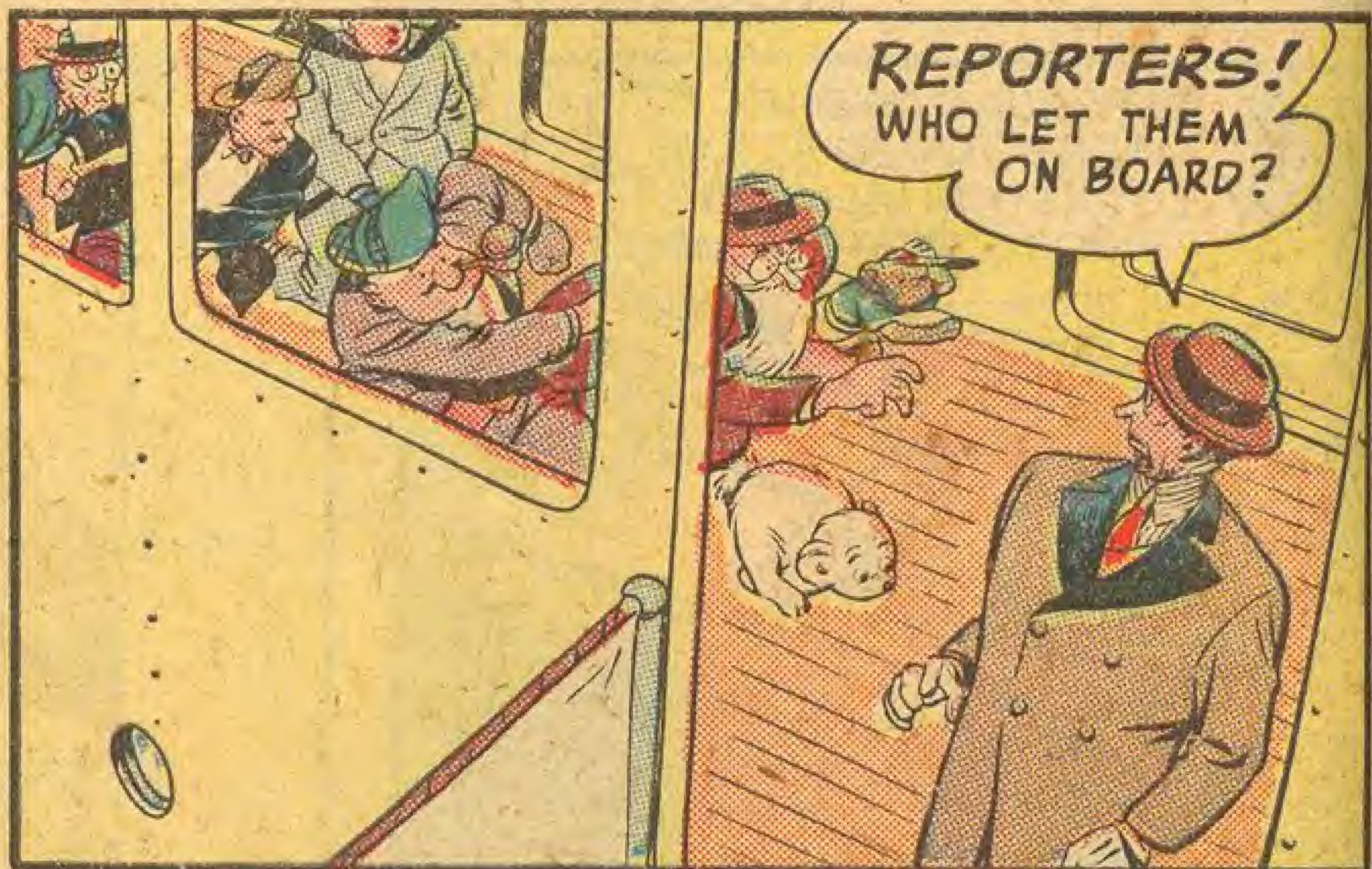




Dave Clark becomes MIDNIGHT....



SOMEBODY WOULD HAVE SEEN HER IF SHE LEFT THE SHIP! I'LL START CHECKING FROM THE BOTTOM!



DEAR ME!

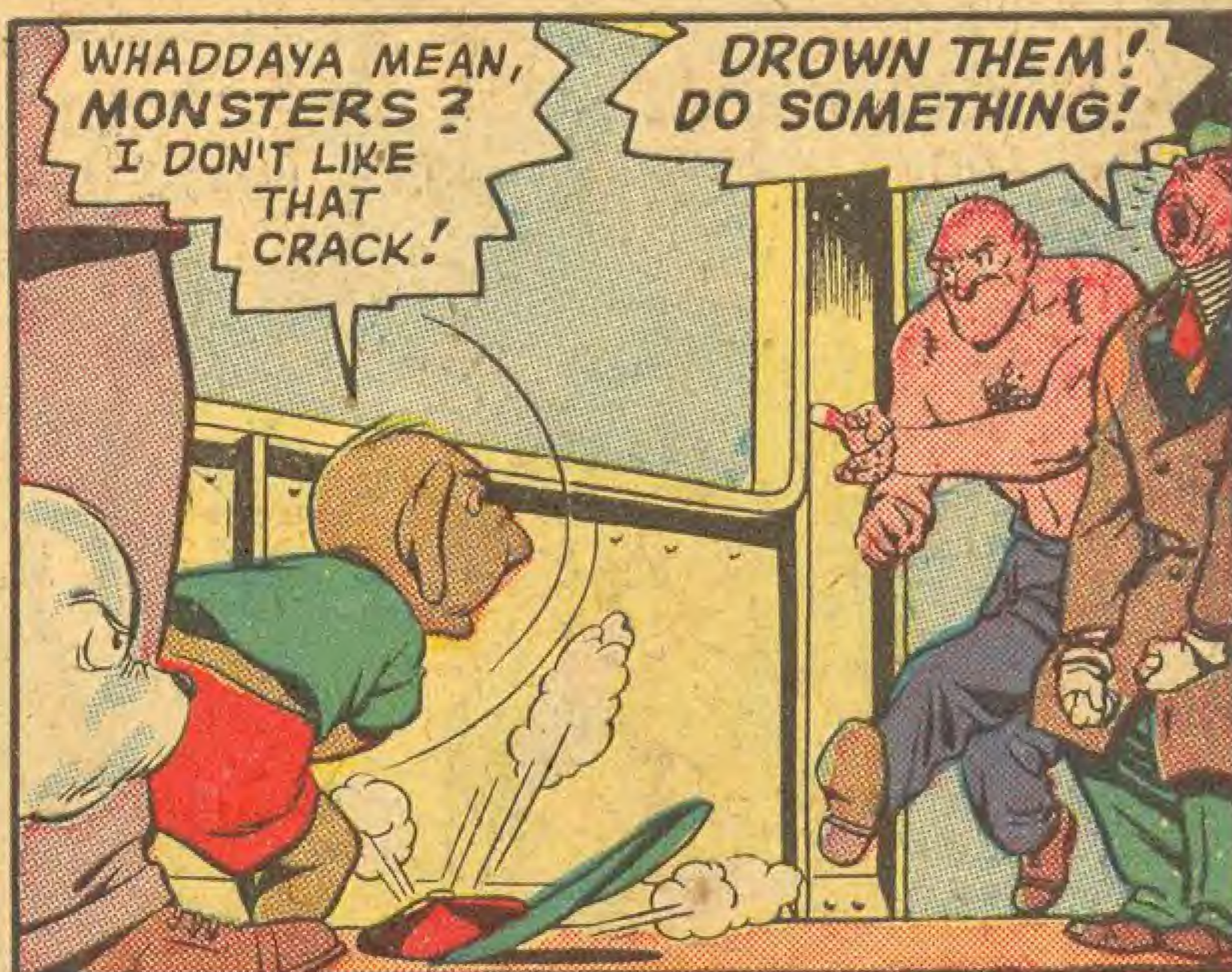
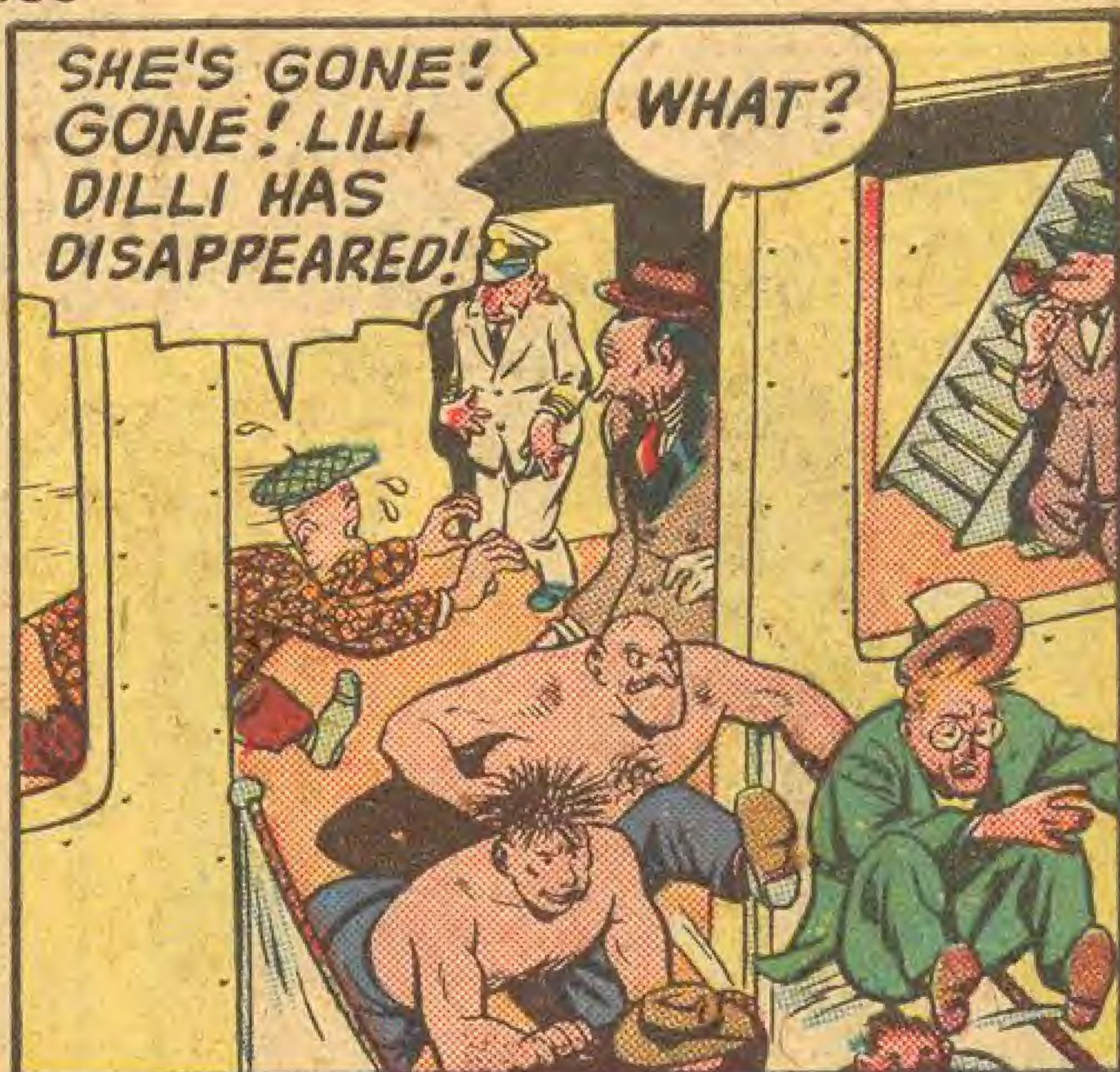
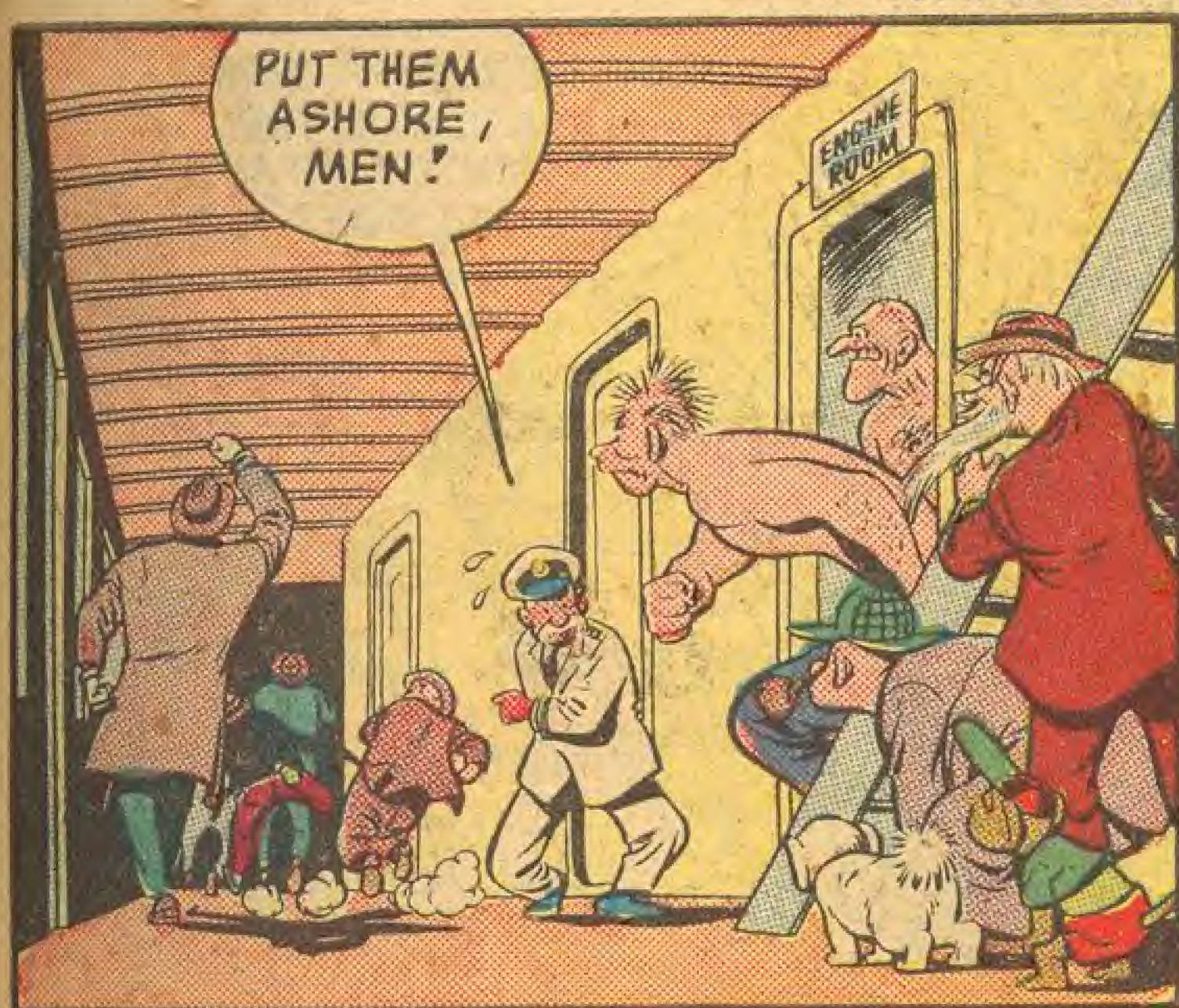
GET THEM OFF THIS SHIP! KILL THEM! DO SOMETHING!

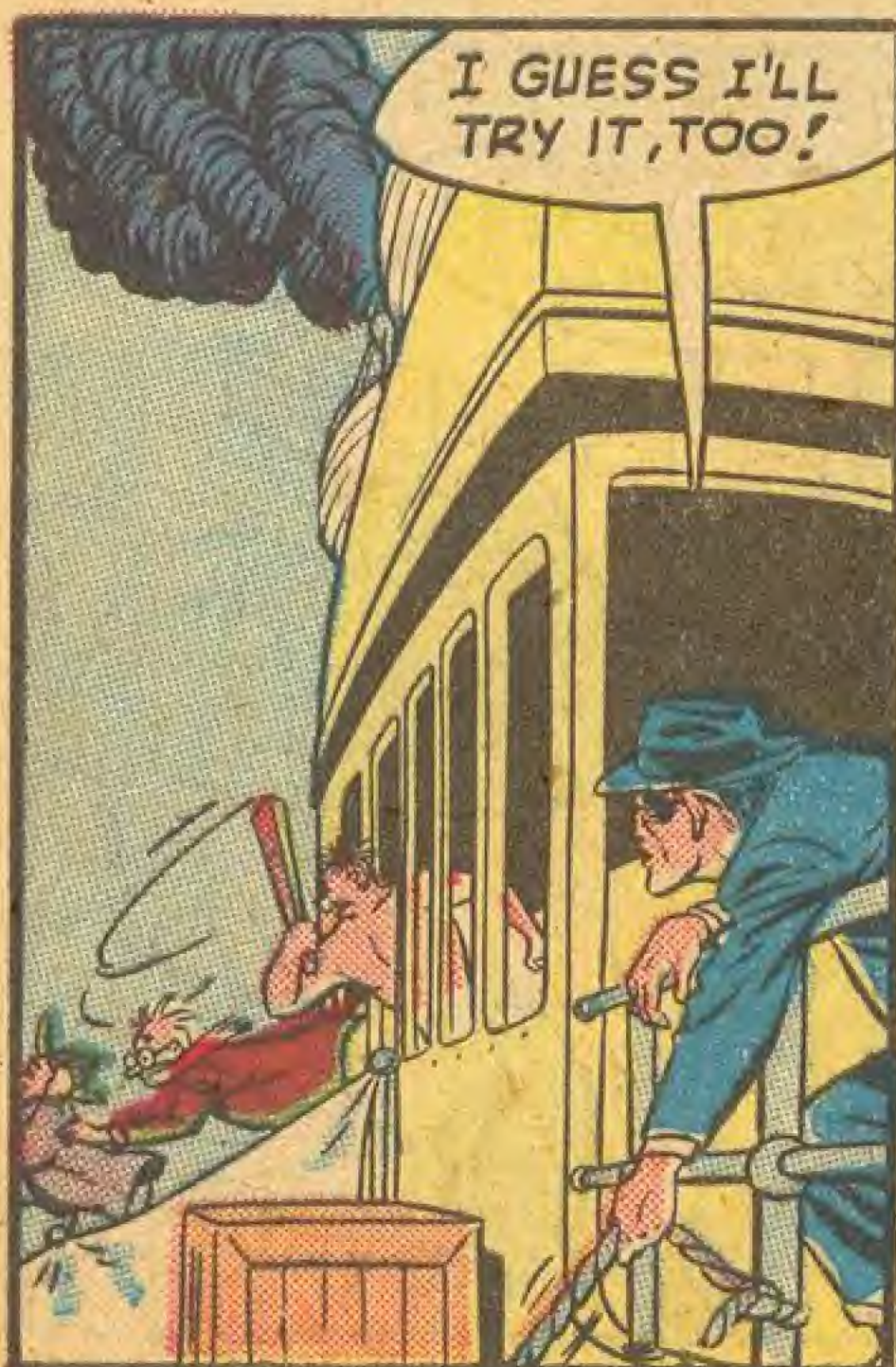
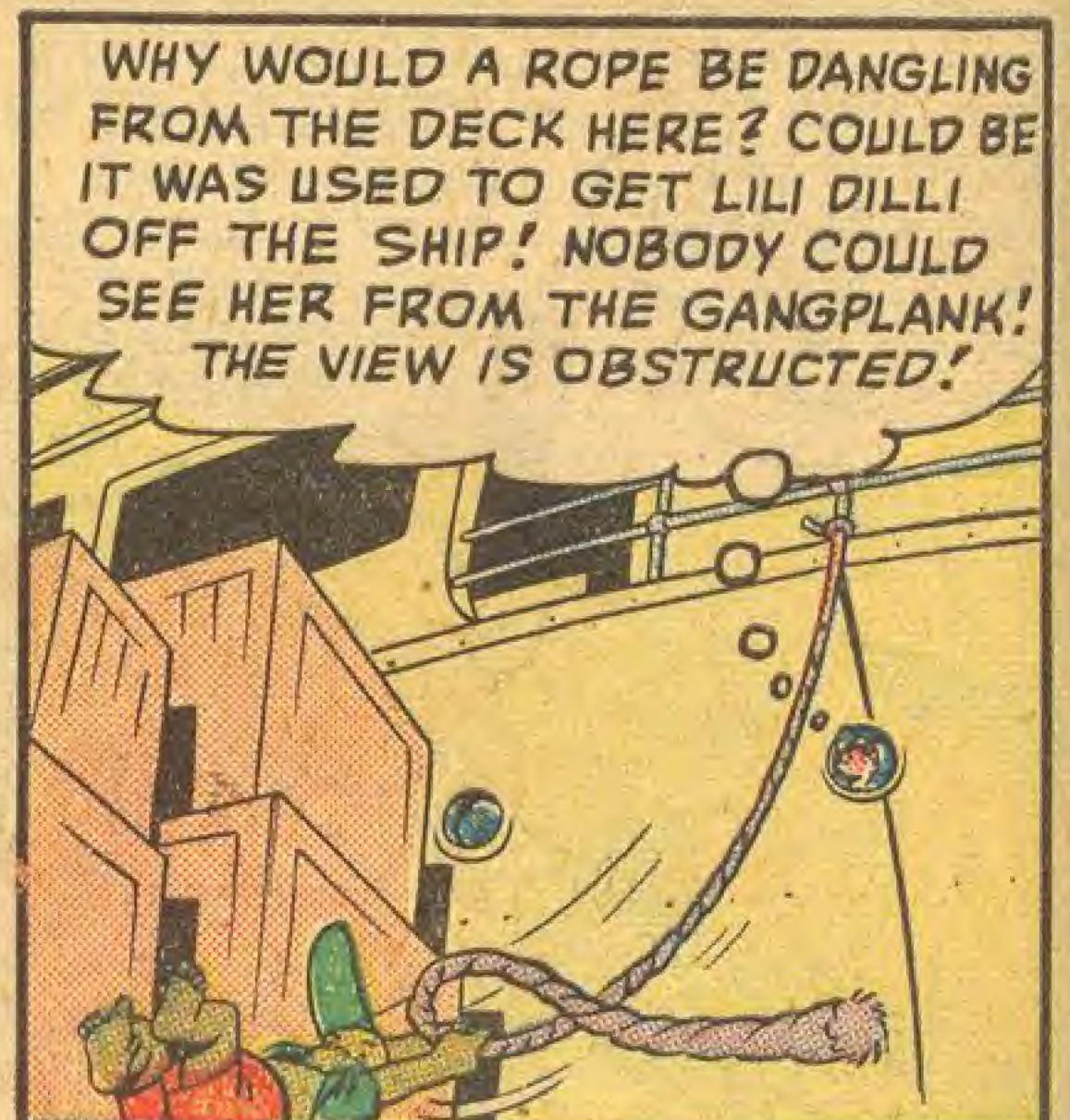
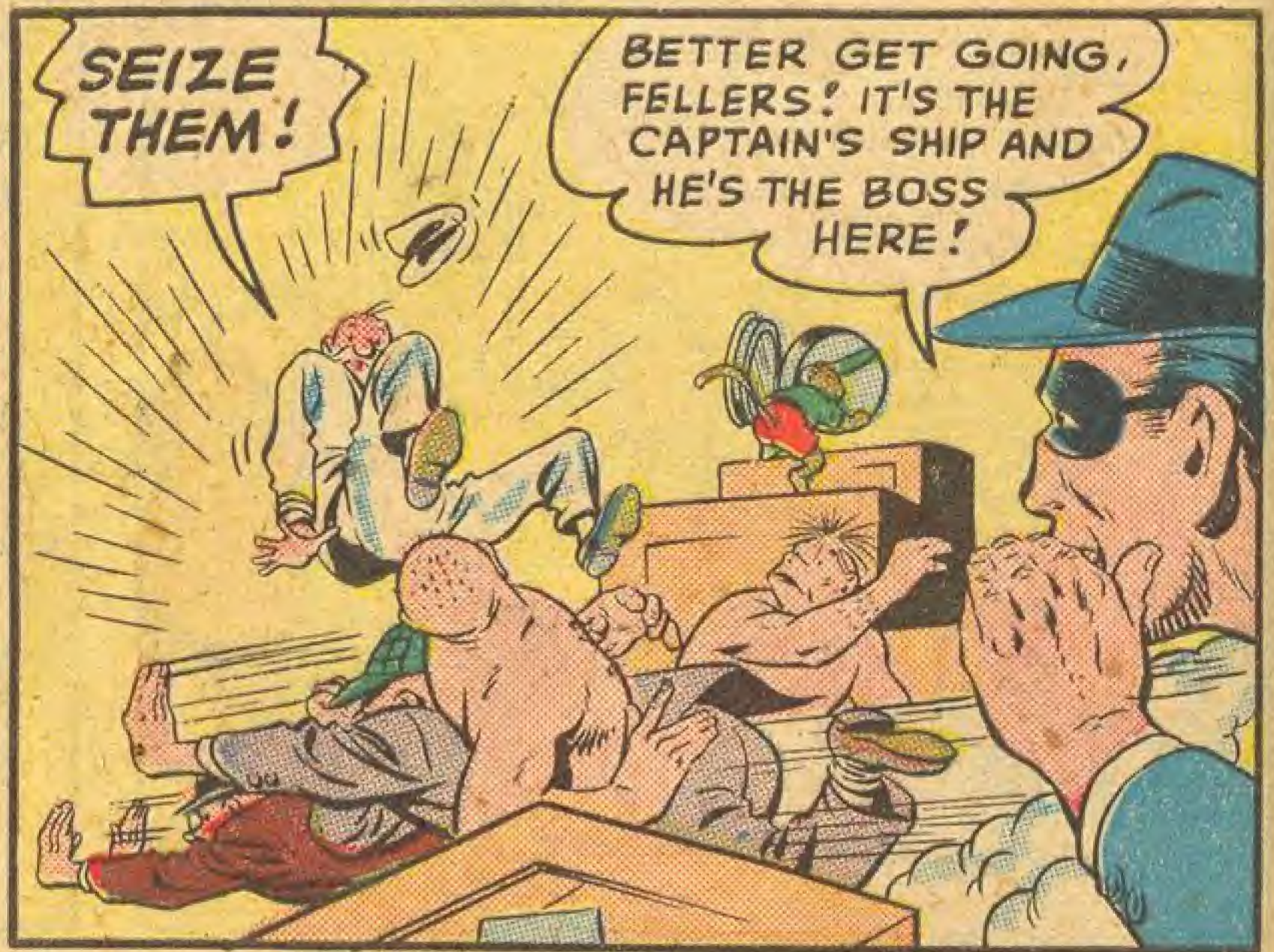
YES, SIR! YES, MR. DANK!

HEY, MISTER, KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND LILI DILLI?

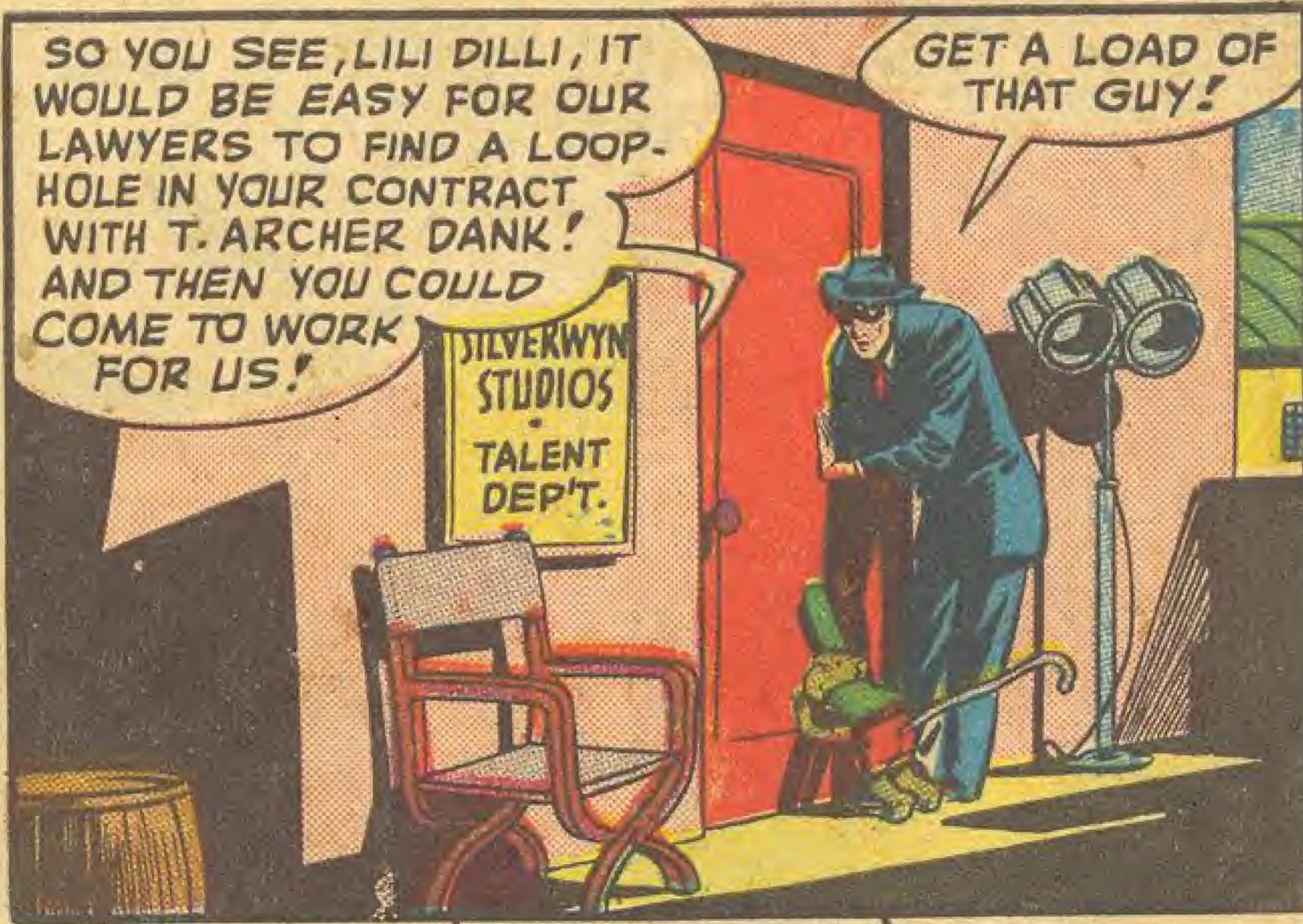
GRAWK! HELP!

TWEET!

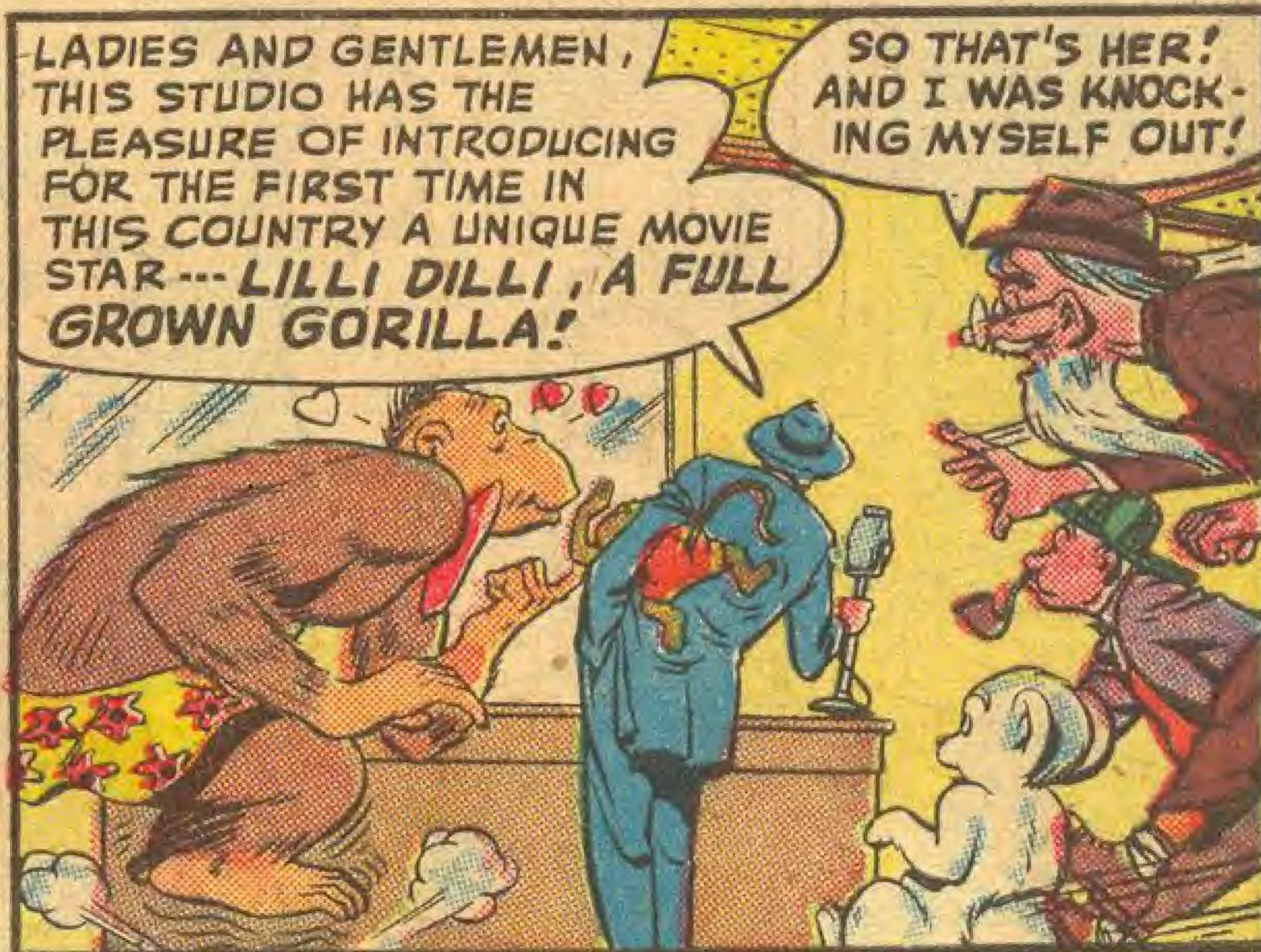




SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



Citronella

SEE THE NEW CHILD STAR
CITRONELLA
IN HER FIRST PICTURE..

WORLD PREMIERE
of *GROWING PAINS* with
CITRONELLA

NOW YOU NOT
ONLY HAVE YOUR
FOOTPRINTS PRESERVED
IN CEMENT FOR POSTERITY,
CITRONELLA, BUT YOUR
FATHER, TOO!



Excitement
reigns
in the
Rumpus
family!
Citronella
has wangled
an inter-
view with
the Twenti-
eth Decade
Moving
Picture
Company
.....

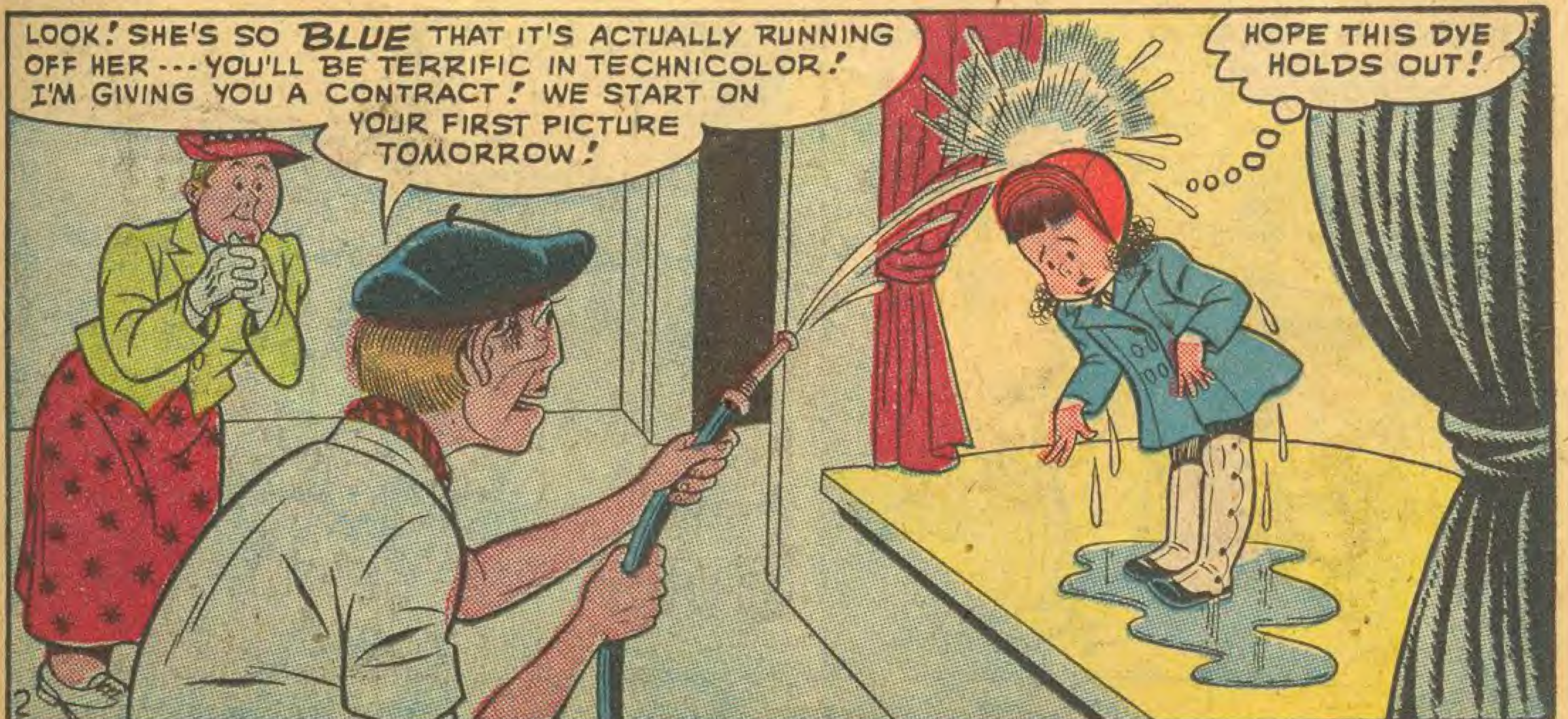
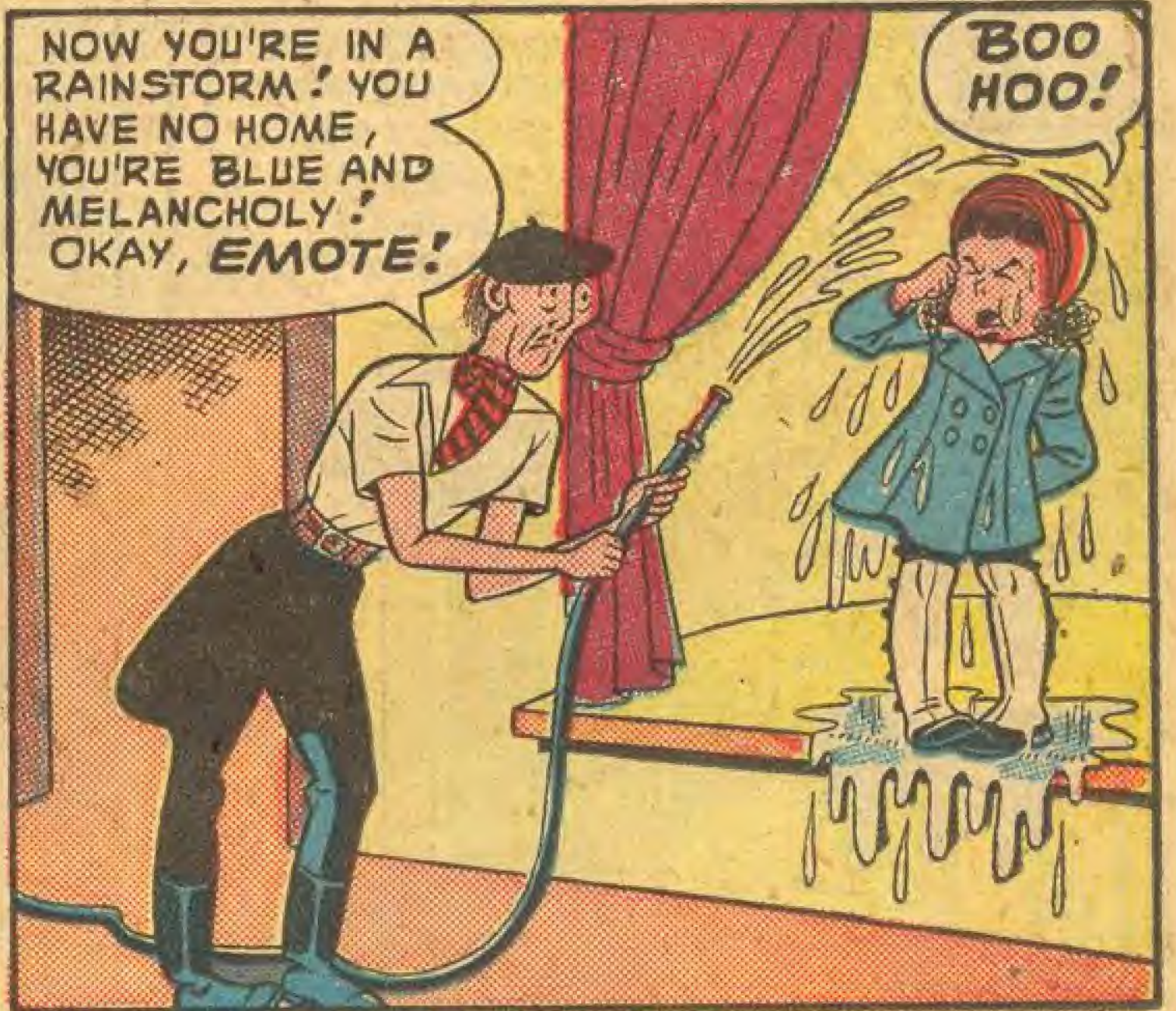
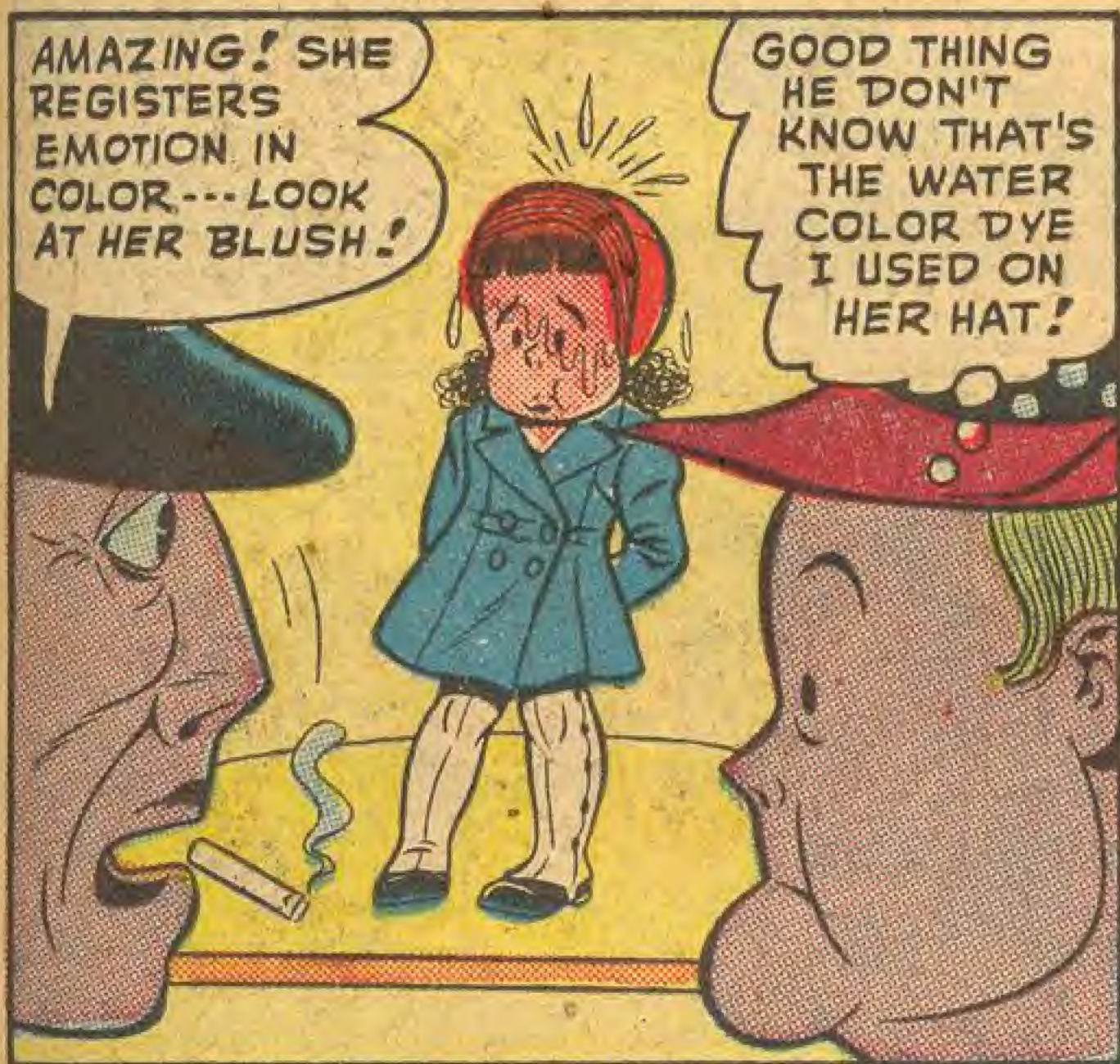
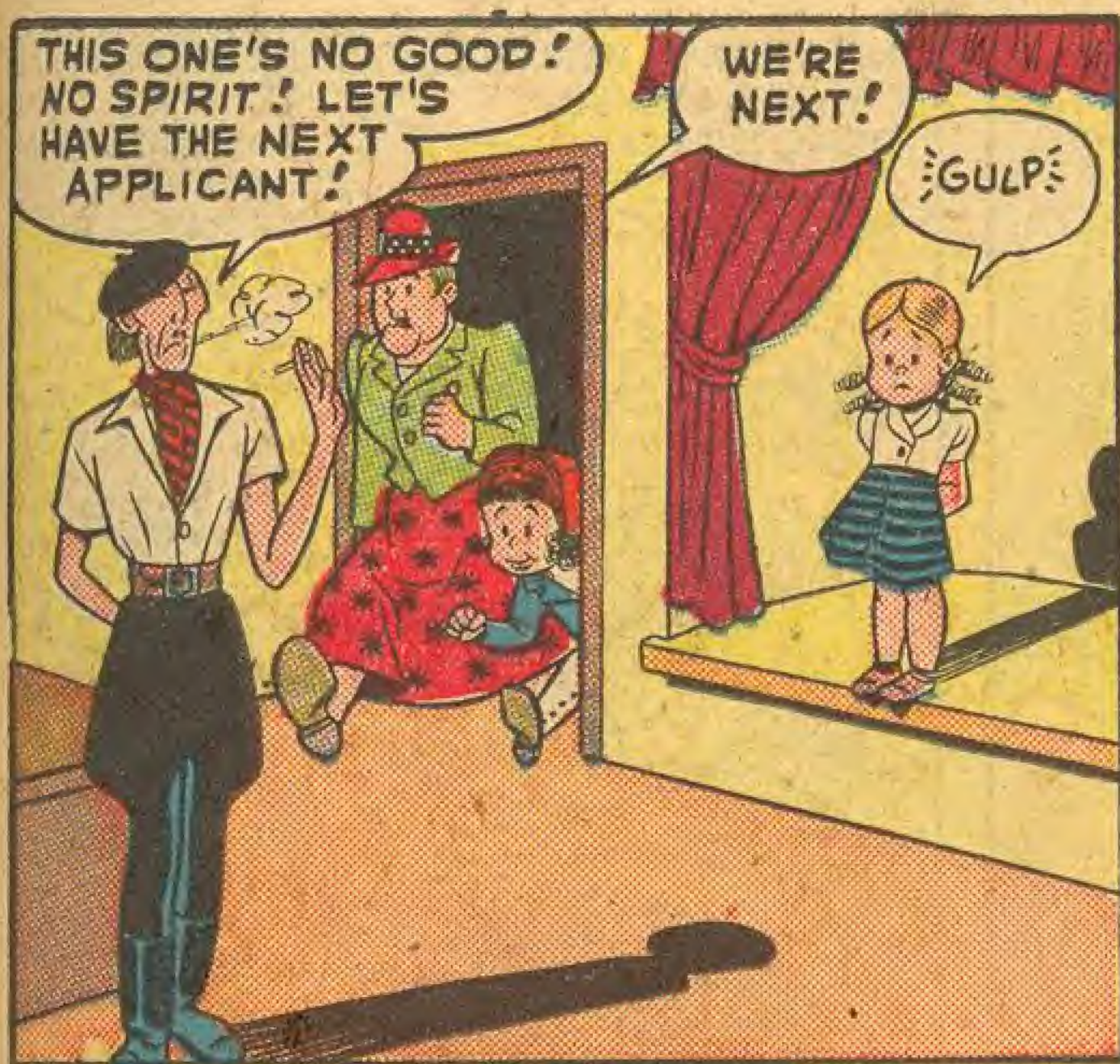
NOW BE CAREFUL WITH THIS COAT AND HAT,
CITRONELLA! I HAD TO DYE THEM WITH
PAINTS FROM YOUR WATER
COLOR SET!

HURRY, MOM---
WE'VE GOT TO
BEAT THE
STUDIO IN TEN
MINUTES!

DON'T
FORGET, IF SHE'S A
SUCCESS, I'M
HER MANAGER!

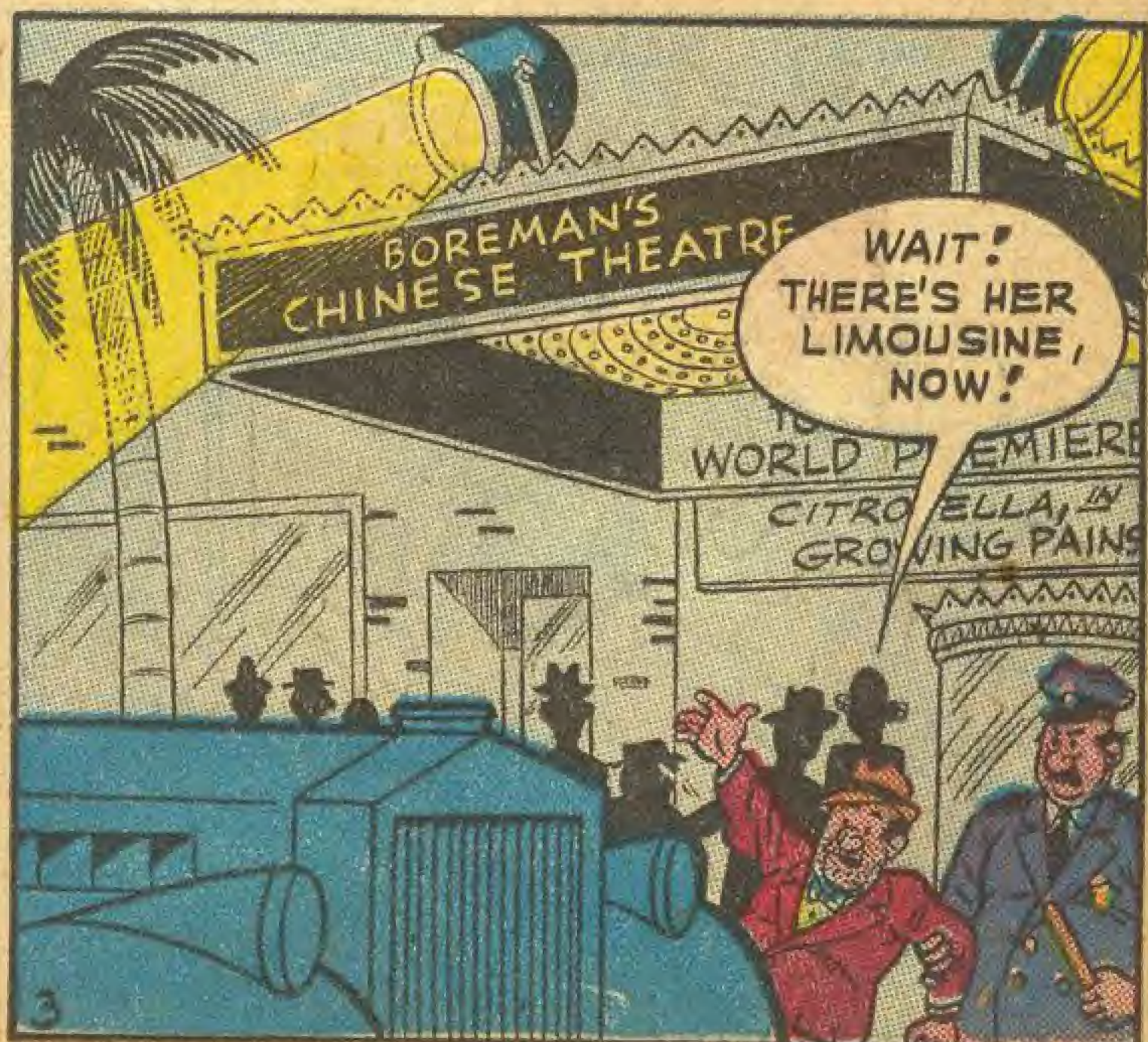
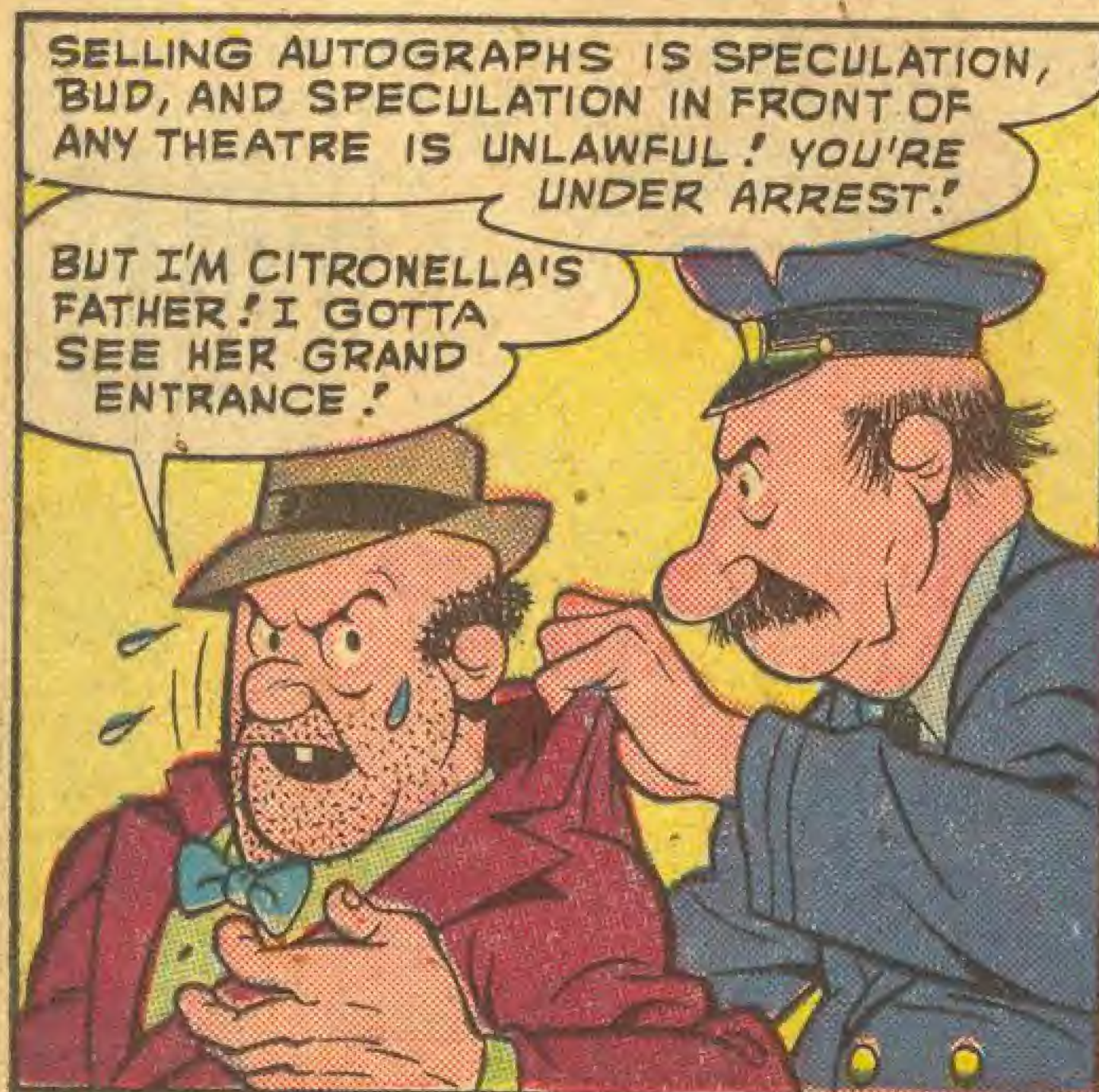
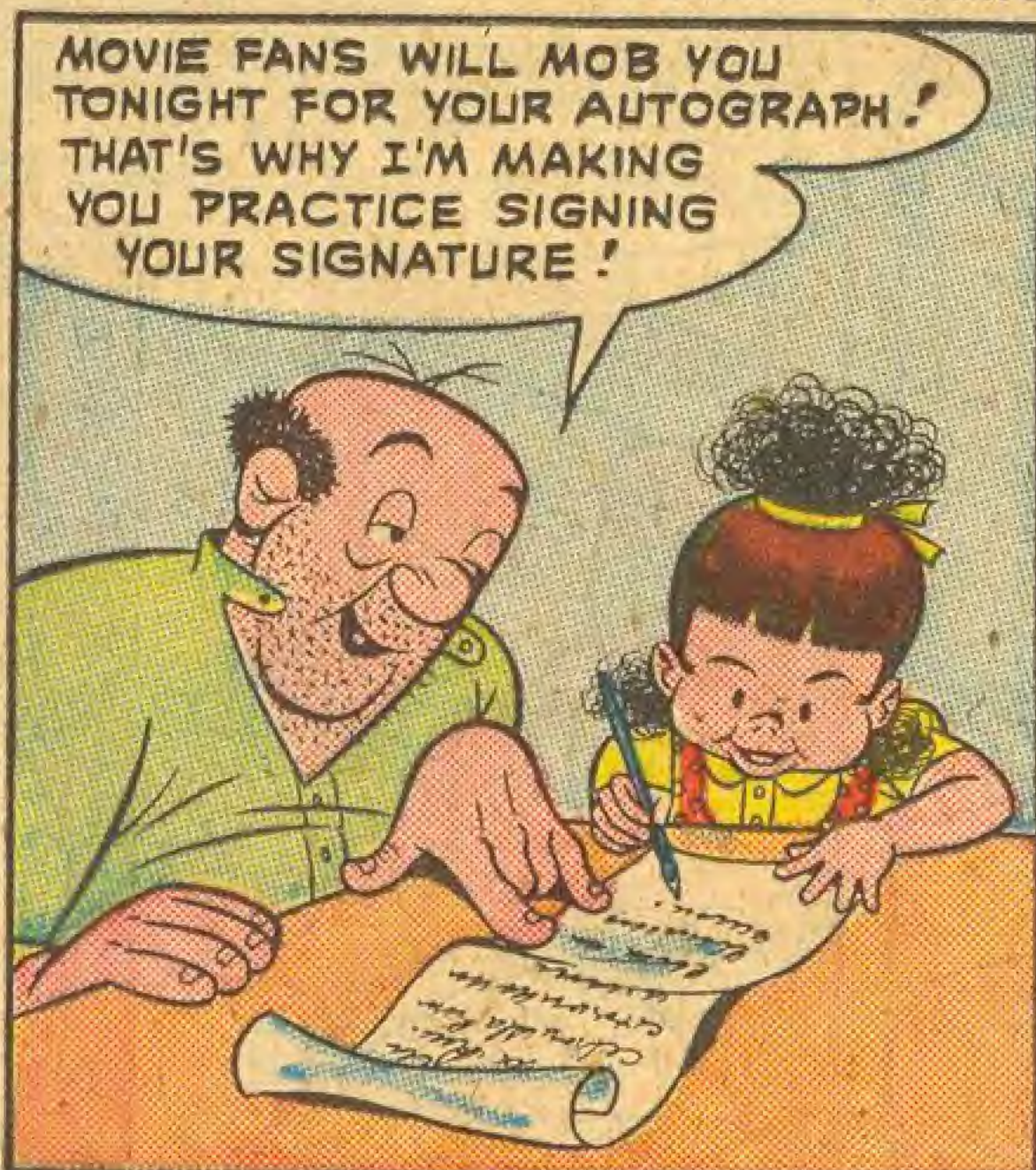


SMASH COMICS

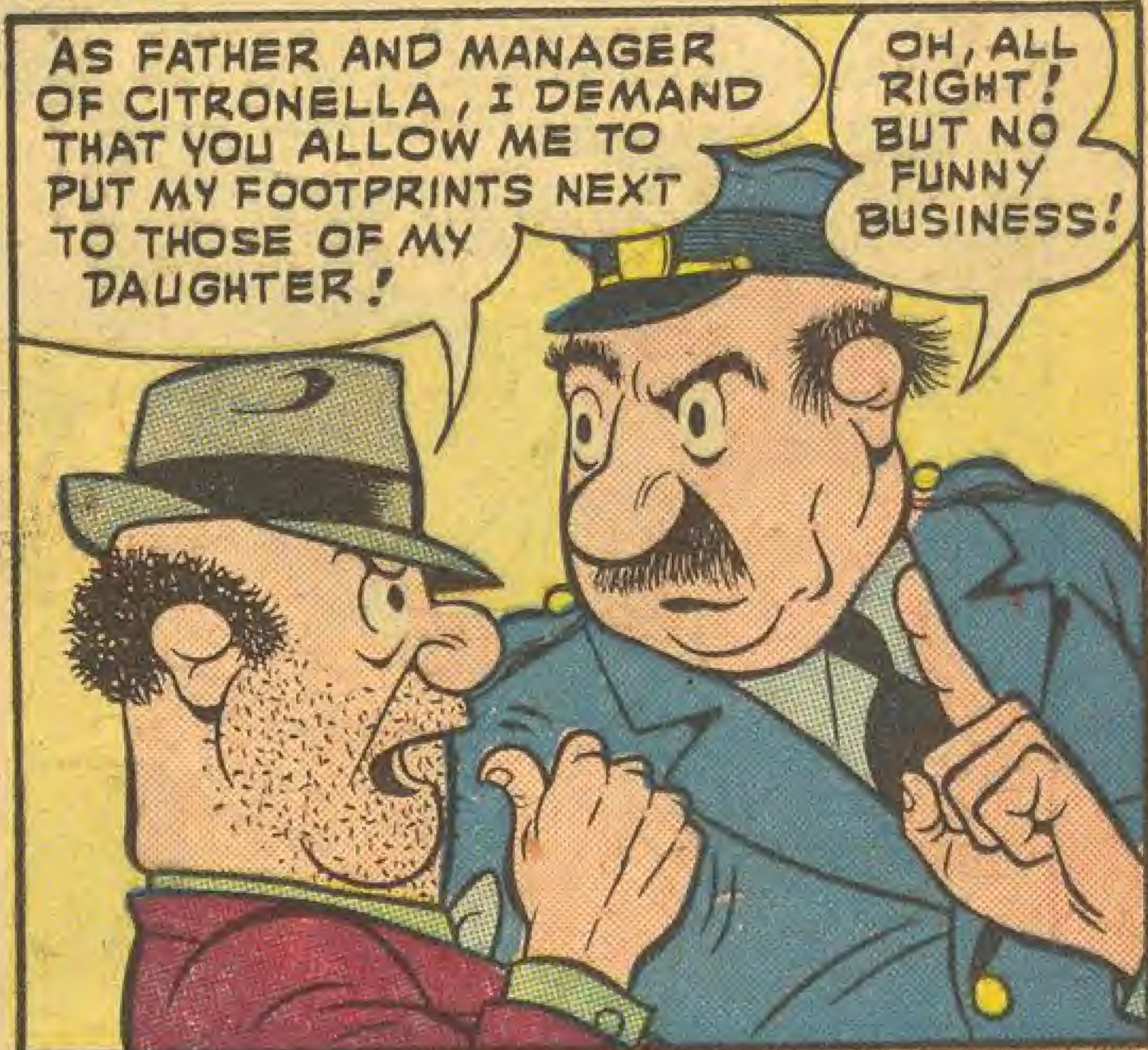


SMASH COMICS

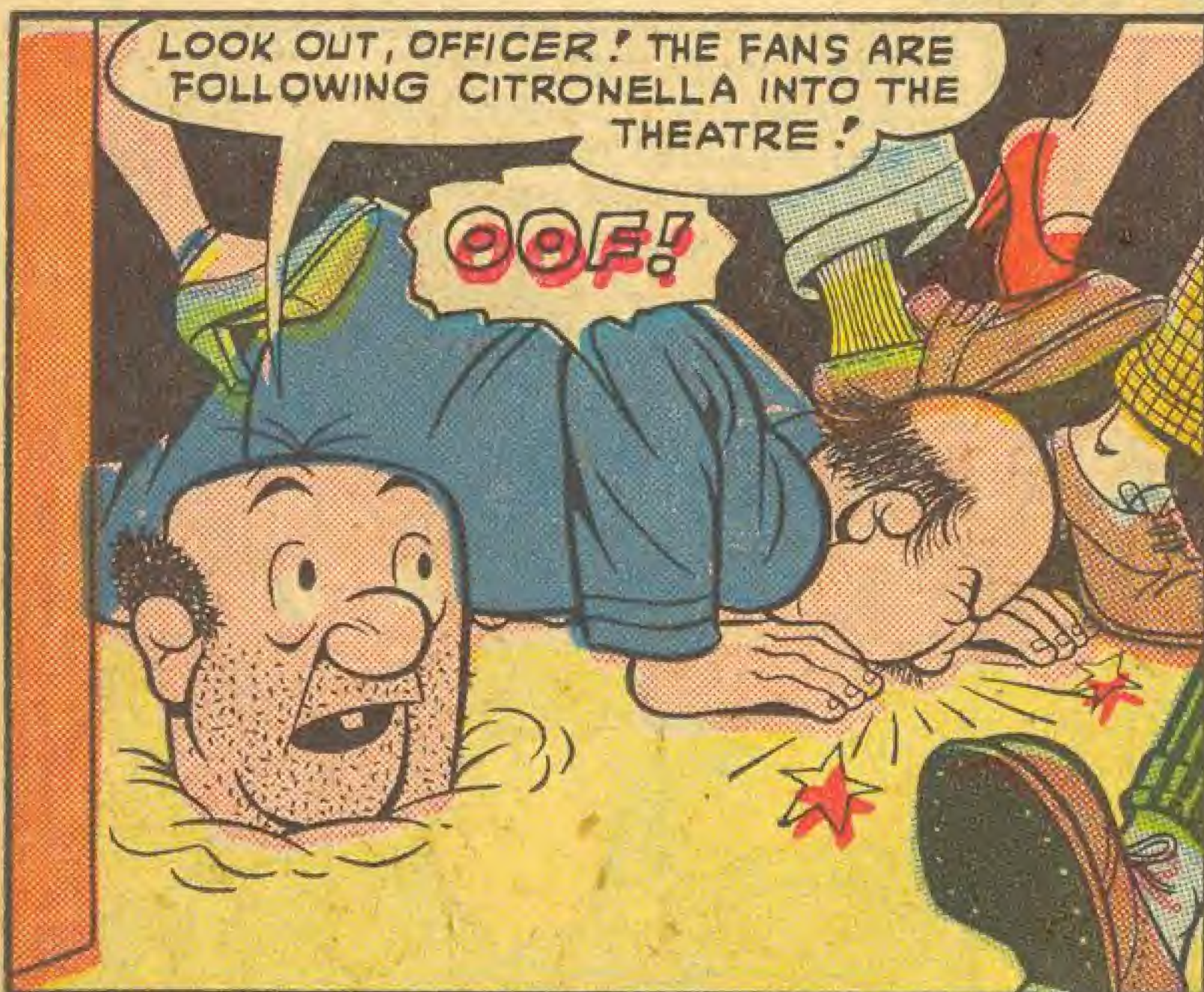
A tremendous publicity campaign makes Citronella a household word over night! By the time her first picture is ready for its premiere, she's world famous...



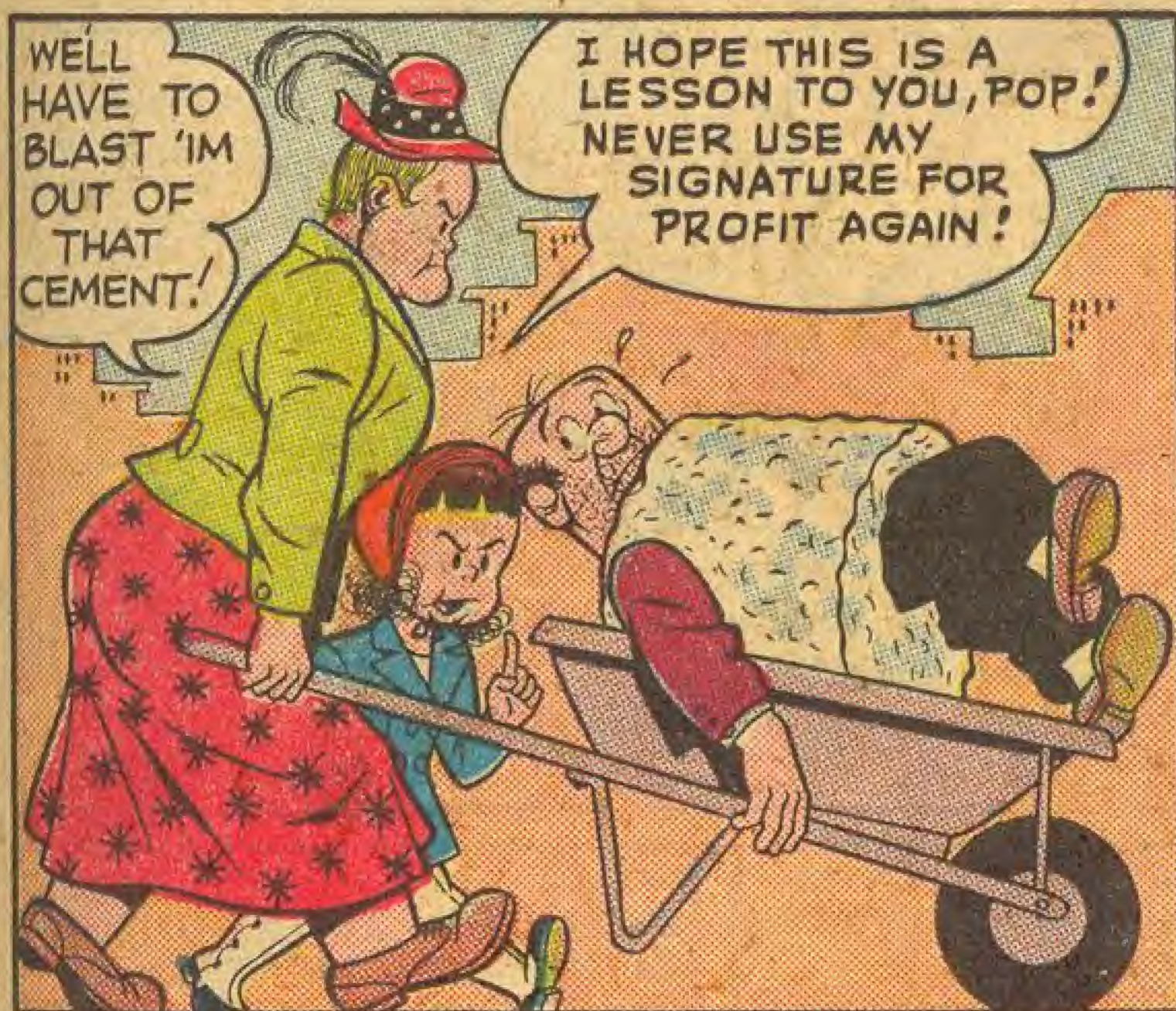
SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS

BLACK X



Two feet of cord... not long enough to tie a box, span a pavement or carry a bale... seemingly useless! But, in the hands of one who knows how to use it, a **WEAPON OF DEADLY DESTRUCTION!** The police of a great city were baffled... but not **BLACK X** and his faithful **BATU!**

Inspector Beef Burton has hurried to answer a mysterious summons....

IT'S CAPTAIN FORWYN, ALL RIGHT, INSPECTOR BURTON ---- DEAD!

THIS IS WHAT HIS NOTE MEANT... I WAS TO FOLLOW HIM HERE AND FIND HIM --- LIKE **THIS!**

GET READY FOR ANYTHING! I HEAR SOMEBODY COMING! IN---

I SUPPOSE YOU THINK IT'S THE GUILTY FIEND RETURNING TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME, BEEF! WELL, IT ISN'T---

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, CRIME? WHAT GIVES YOU THE IDEA, BLACK X, THAT---

WHY ELSE WOULD MY FRIEND CAPTAIN FORWYN ASK ME TO MEET HIM HERE? WHERE IS HE, AND WHAT DOES HE WANT US TO SEE?



SMASH COMICS

FORWYN, LIKE MYSELF, STUDIES CERTAIN BALEFUL EASTERN MYSTERIES! HIS SECRETARY, DALBOM, BROUGHT ME A NOTE SAYING THAT I MUST JOIN THE CAPTAIN HERE BECAUSE OF A CERTAIN **FRIGHTENING DISCOVERY!**

DISCOVER THAT, BLACK X! IT'S FRIGHTENING ENOUGH... CAPTAIN FORWYN HAS HANGED HIMSELF!

POOR CHAP! THIS LONELY SHACK... AND DEATH WAITING! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

THE WAY I FIGURE IT, HE CLIMBED UP ON THE RAFTER, MADE THE NOOSE FAST, AND THREW HIMSELF DOWN! THERE'S NOTHIN' AROUND FOR HIM TO STAND ON! TAKE THE BODY INTO TOWN, MCCOOLEY!



SUICIDE, EH? MAYBE IT HAPPENED THE WAY YOU SAY, BEEF! BUT IF SO, ISN'T THERE SOMETHING **MISSING?** SOMETHING **UNUSUAL?**

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT, BLACK X... BUT I STILL FIGURE IT AS A SUICIDE! WHAT-EVER CAPTAIN FORWYN LEARNED, WAS APPARENTLY TOO MUCH FOR HIM TO LIVE WITH!

Returning to his apartment, Black X calls ----

MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE? THIS IS BLACK X --- I'M CALLING ABOUT THE FORWYN CASE! WHAT DID YOU FIND?

JUST WHAT INSPECTOR BURTON EXPECTED! FORWYN DIED OF STRANGULATION... ROPE DRAWN TIGHT AROUND HIS NECK! NO OTHER INJURY OR POSSIBLE CAUSE OF DEATH!



STRANGLED! CHOKED! BUT THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE**, UNLESS... WHAT IS IT, BATU?

I HAVE FETCHED THE CAPTAIN'S SECRETARY, SAHIB, JUST AS YOU COMMANDED!

PARDON ME FOR DISTURBING YOU, DALBOM, BUT I MUST KNOW ALL POSSIBLE DETAILS OF YOUR EMPLOYER'S LAST MOMENTS!

HE WAS MY FRIEND, SIR, AS HE WAS YOURS! LIKE YOU, I KNEW HE WAS INVESTIGATING THE COMING TO AMERICA OF THE EASTERN BROTHERHOOD OF BHOR!



BROTHERHOOD OF BHOR! I'VE HEARD RUMORS.... A CULT THAT LIVES BY ROBBERY!

CAPTAIN FORWYN HAD HEARD THE BROTHERHOOD HAD ESTABLISHED A REPRESENTATIVE HERE --- TO RECEIVE THEIR STOLEN LOOT AND SELL IT TO FENCES IN THE UNDERWORLD!

HE SHOULD HAVE CALLED ON YOU FROM THE BEGINNING, SIR! BUT HE WAS BRAVE! TONIGHT HE GOT A MESSAGE SAYING THE TRUTH WOULD BE REVEALED IN THAT COUNTRY SHACK! HE WROTE NOTES TO YOU AND INSPECTOR BURTON, THEN HE ---

HE TURNED UP HANGED! BURTON CALLS IT A SUICIDE... BUT I WONDER! BATU, WE SHALL VISIT THE CITY'S ORIENTAL QUARTER!

Among the Orientals of the metropolis.

BROTHERHOOD OF BHOR, YOU SAY, BLACK X? MAY ALLAH STRIKE THEM AS THEY DESERVE! TRUE BELIEVERS IN THIS QUARTER WOULD SLAY ANY OF THEM ON SIGHT!

JOT THAT DOWN, BATU! THANK YOU, MY FRIEND!

AYE, SADI, I HAVE HEARD OF THE VILE BROTHERHOOD! LET NONE OF THEM VENTURE HERE! THE QUARTER WOULD RISE AND TEAR THEM TO PIECES!

PARDON, SAHIB! SOMEONE FOLLOWS US... STEALTHILY!

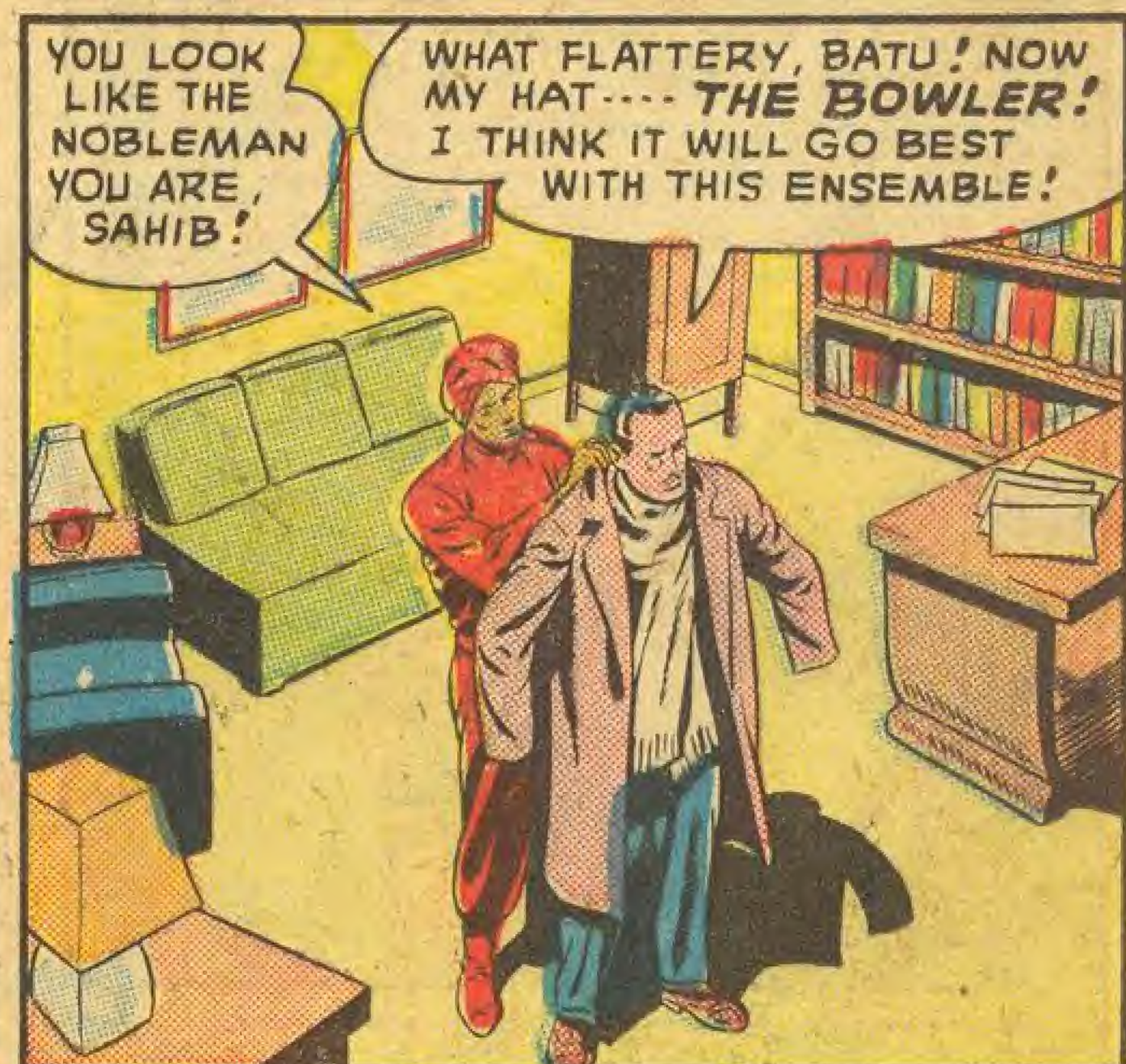
WHAT DO YOU MEAN... WHY, IT'S DALBOM!

I'VE BEEN SHADOWING YOU, SIR! I FEARED THAT TROUBLE MIGHT THREATEN YOU IN THIS MYSTERIOUS DISTRICT!

SINCE YOU'RE HERE, LISTEN TO WHAT THAT PEDDLER TELLS BATU! IT CLINCHES MY THEORY!

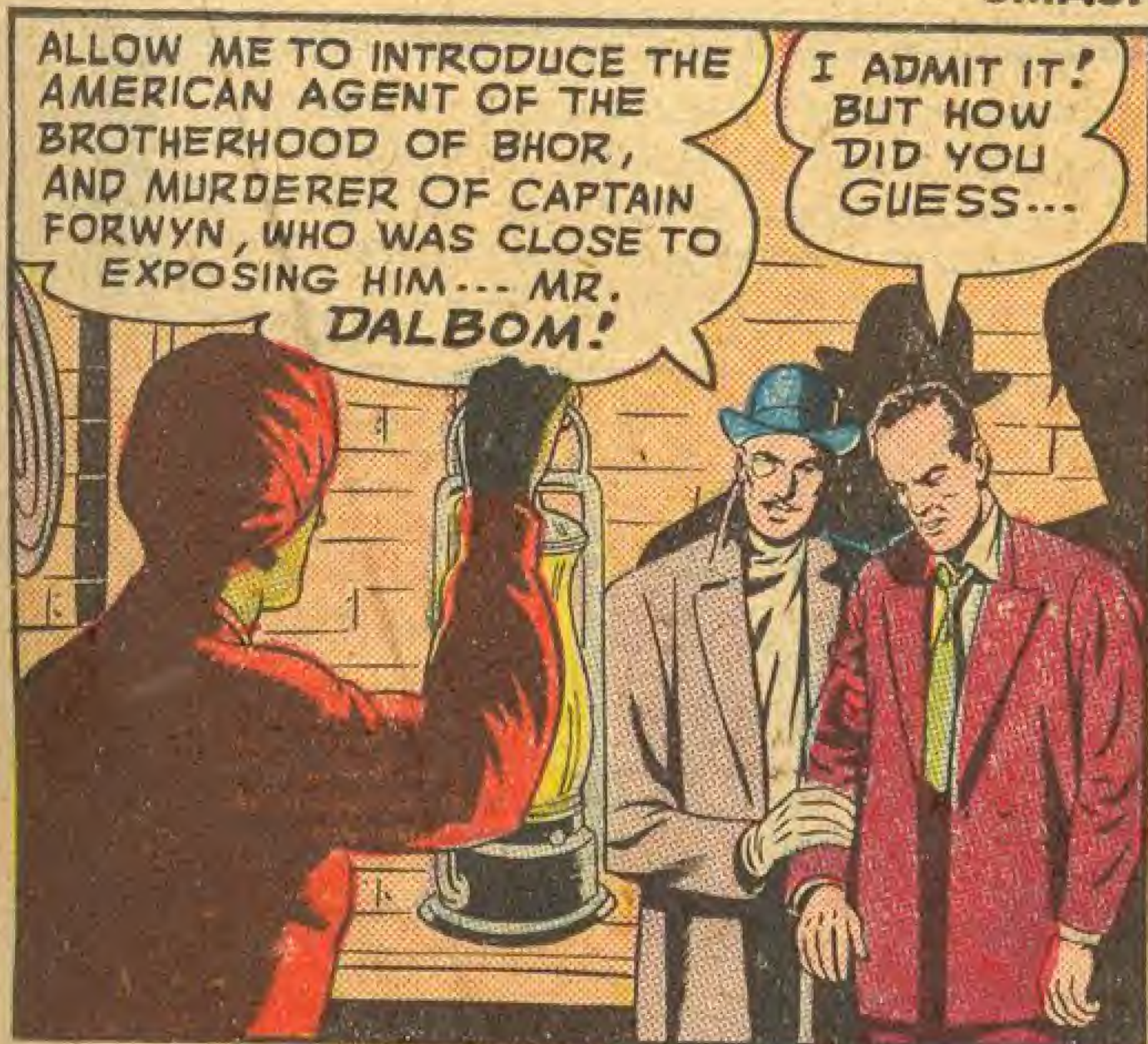
I AM OF THE MOST HUMBLE, BUT I WOULD FEEL DIRTIED BY THE SHADOWS OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF BHOR!

SMASH COMICS





SMASH COMICS



LADY LUCK

By Klaus Nordling

WHAT AM I BID? WHAT AM I-- FOUR DOLLARS! WHO'LL MAKE IT FIVE?-- FOR THIS LOVELY OBJECT D'ART, "DANCE AU GRATIN"--- FOUR-FIFTY! WHO'LL MAKE IT FIVE?---

J. PALANQUIN CO.

AUCTION
OLD & RARE
HEIRLOOMS
and
OBJETS D'ART

GOING-- GOING---
SOLD! TO THE LITTLE
GENTLEMAN
ON THE RIGHT!

THAT'S
FOUR-
FIFTY,
SIR--

OH, JOYFUL! HER
TO DELIGHT I HOPE
WITH THIS OFFERING
ON THE ALTAR
OF LOVE!

BAMBOOZLED
HAVE I
BEEN!
BROKEN
THIS
FIGURE
IS!!

SEVEN DOLLARS! DO I HEAR
EIGHT? EIGHT DOLLARS! DO
I HEAR NINE?--- GET AWAY
FROM ME, BUB, YUH BOTHER
ME !!

FAH! BILKED! BROKEN
OFF IS THE HEAD AND
BACK ON GLUED AGAIN!
OH, FURY!
GOODBYE!!

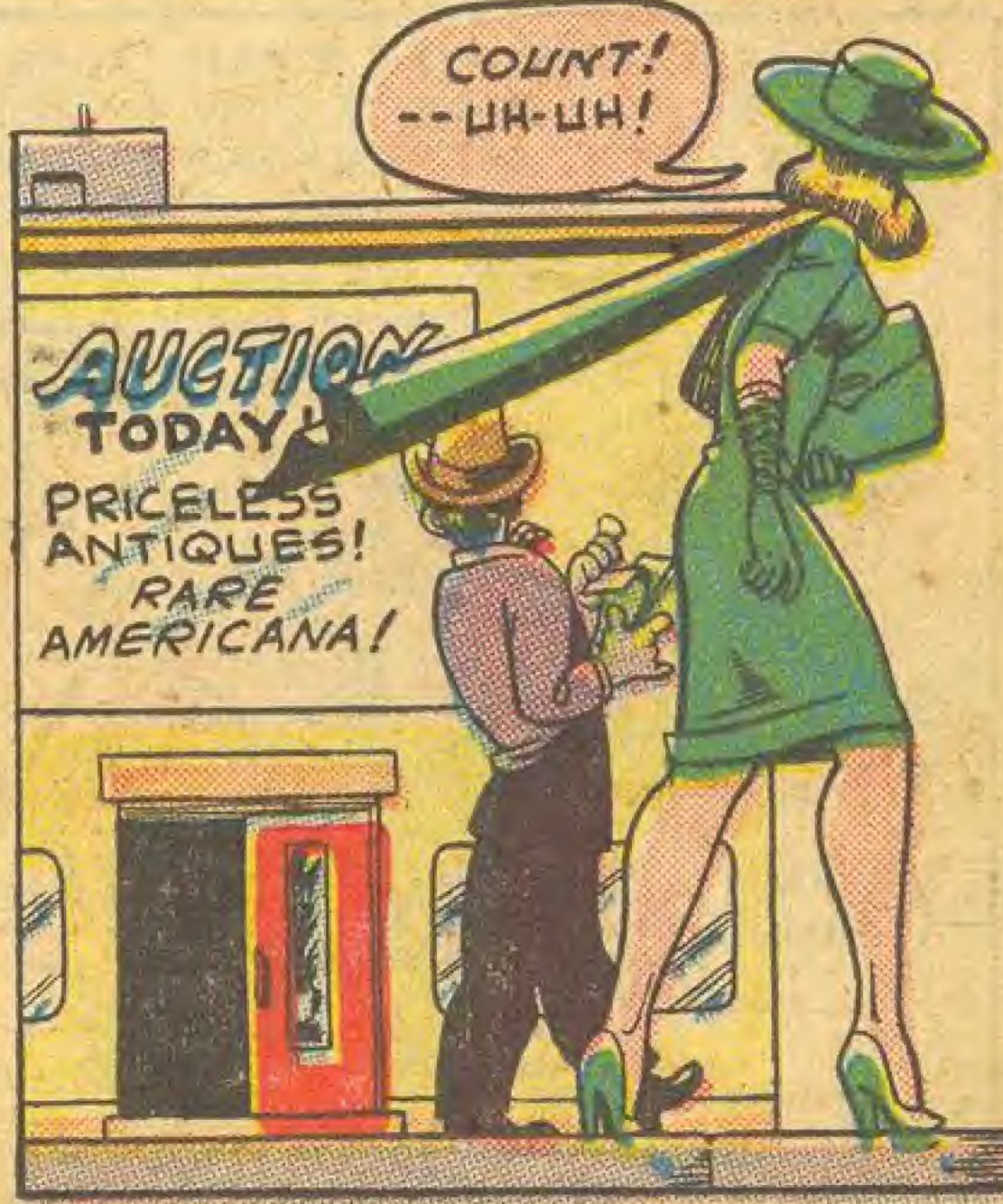
SMASH COMICS



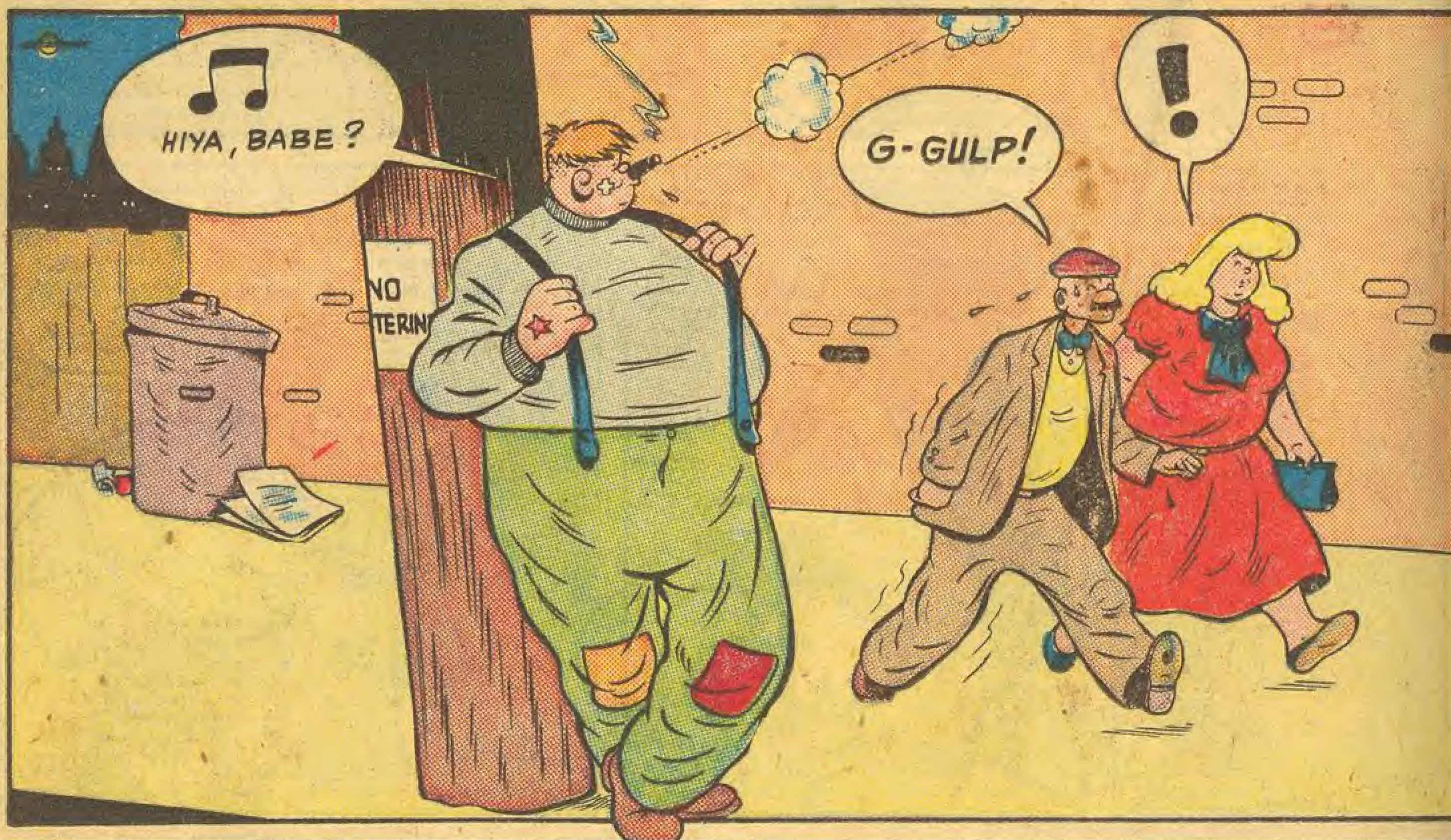
SMASH COMICS

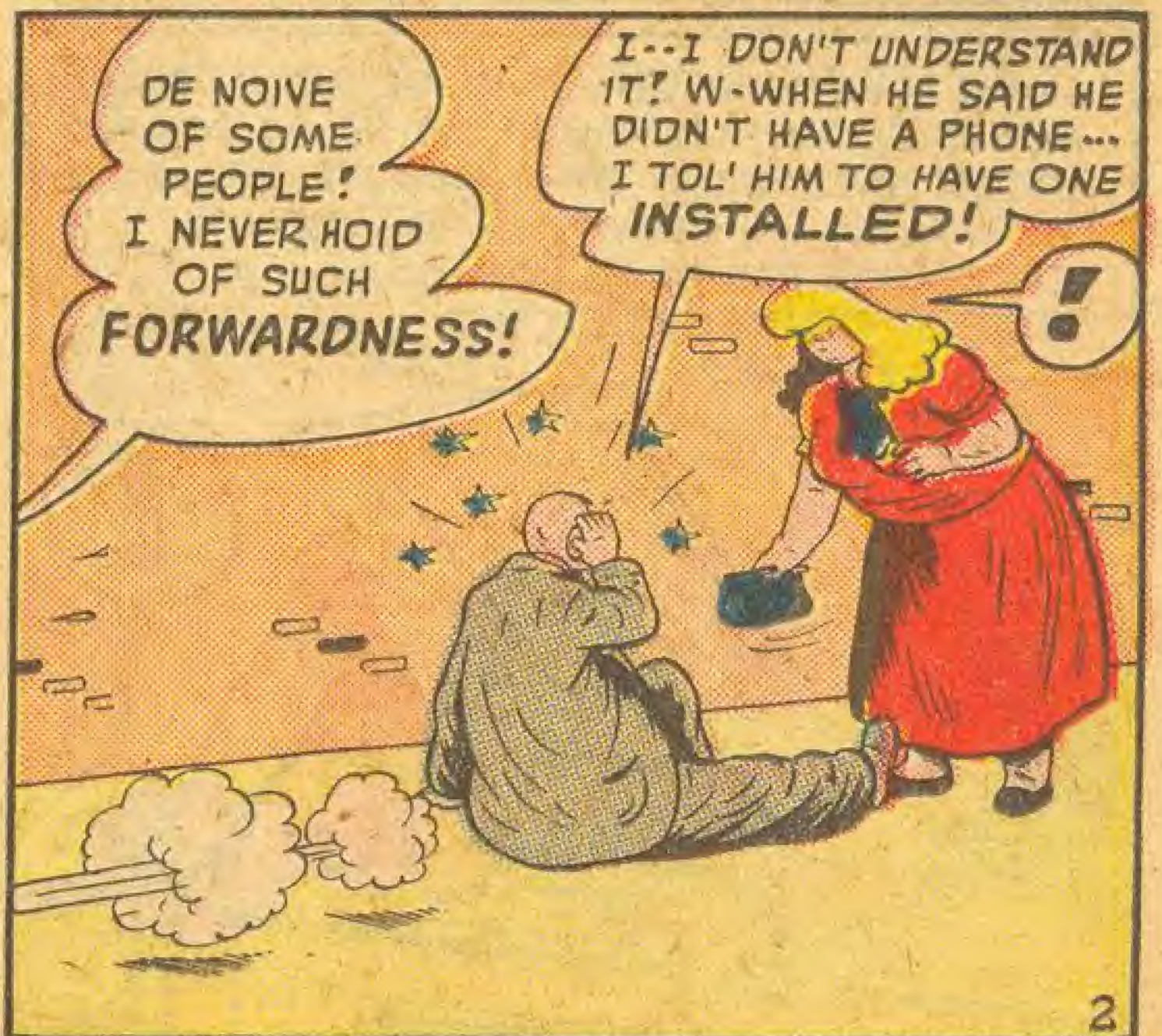
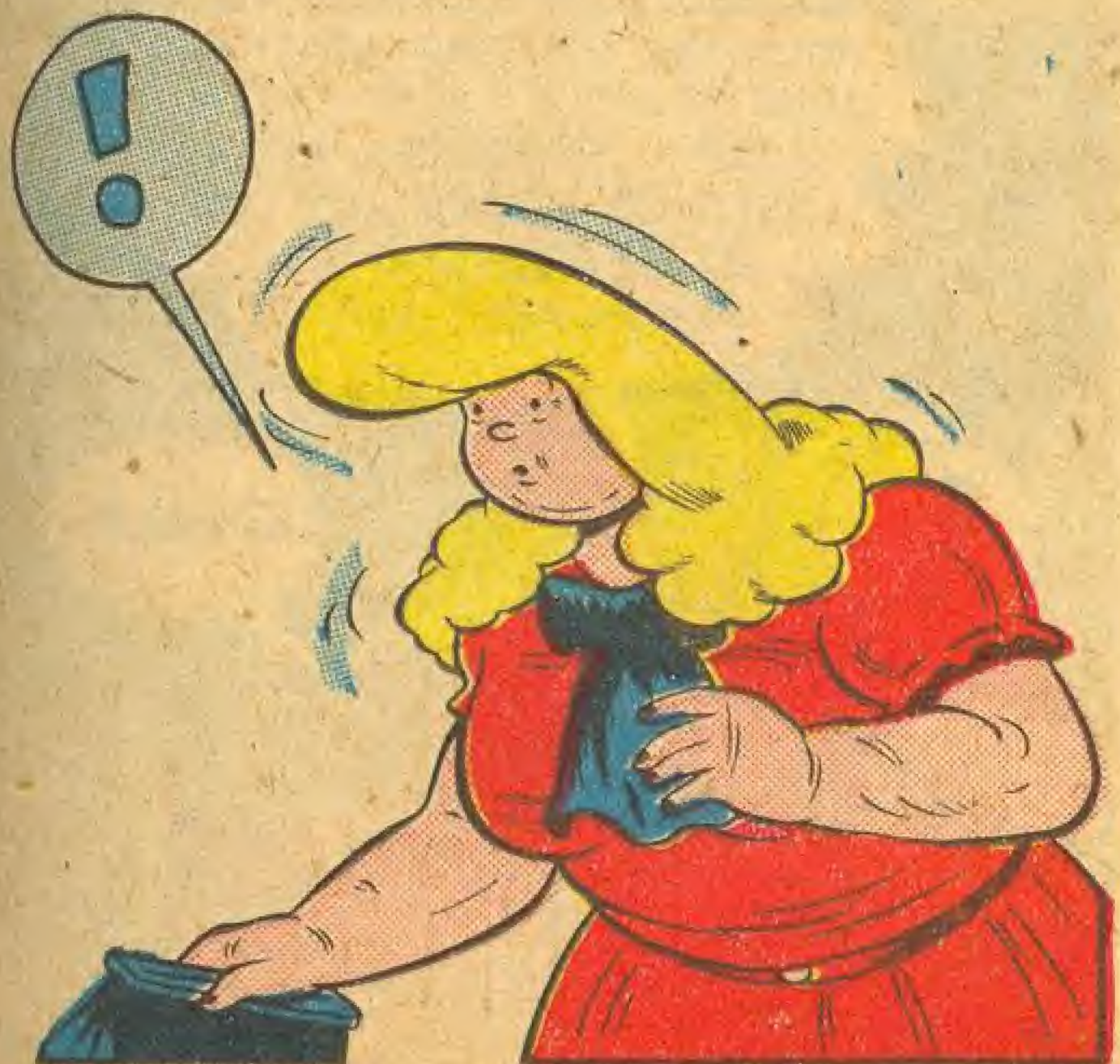
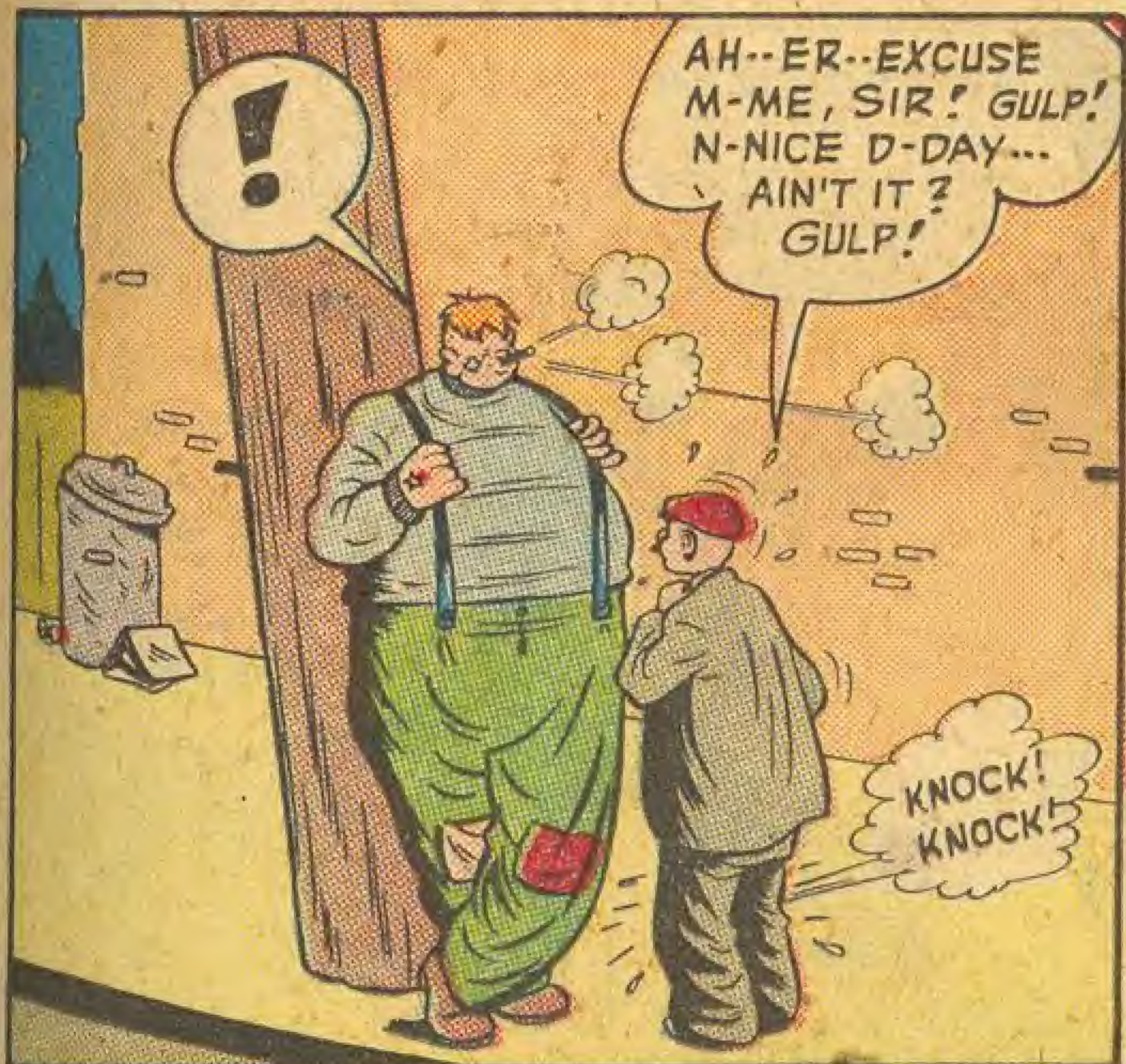


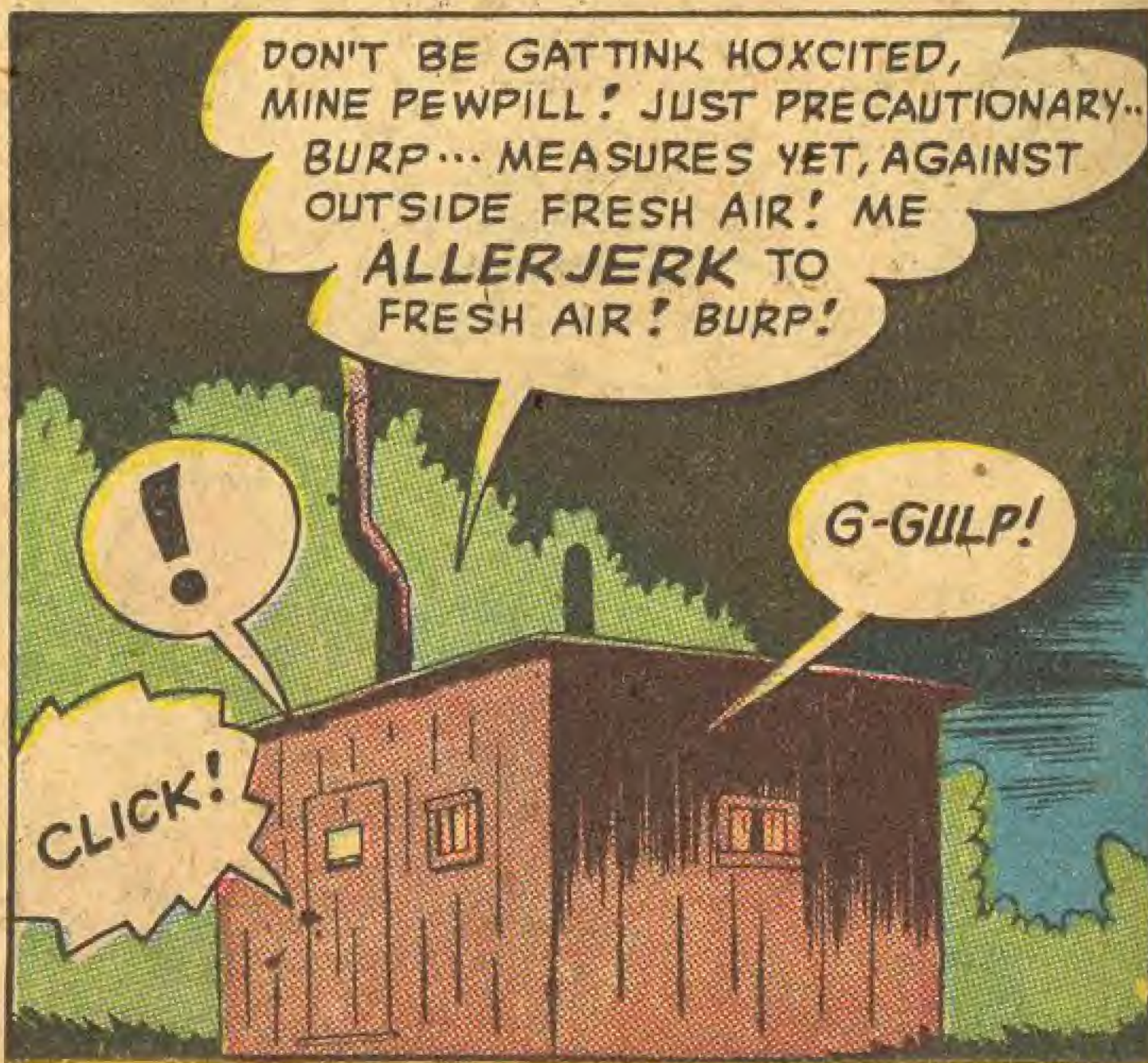
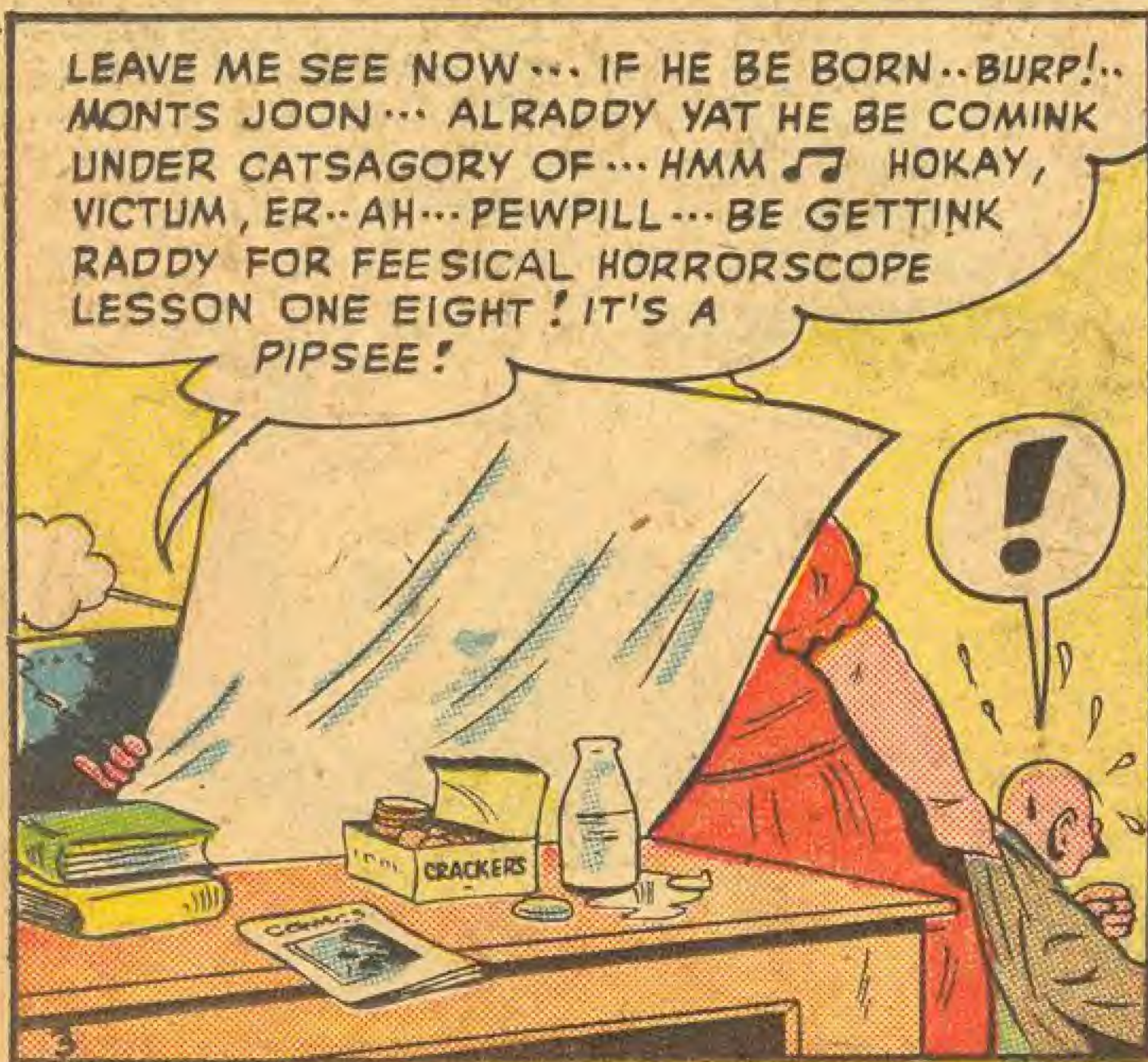
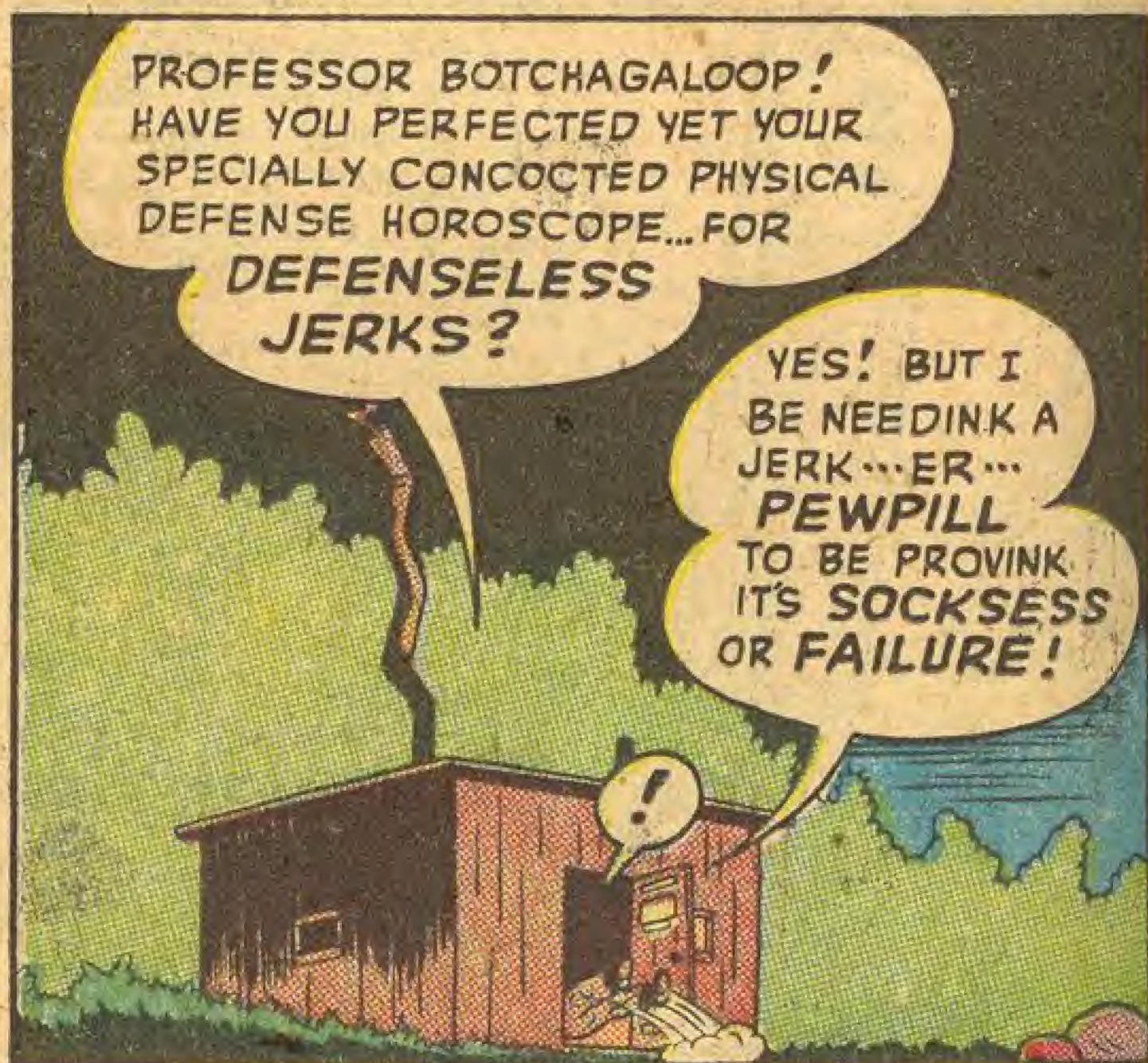
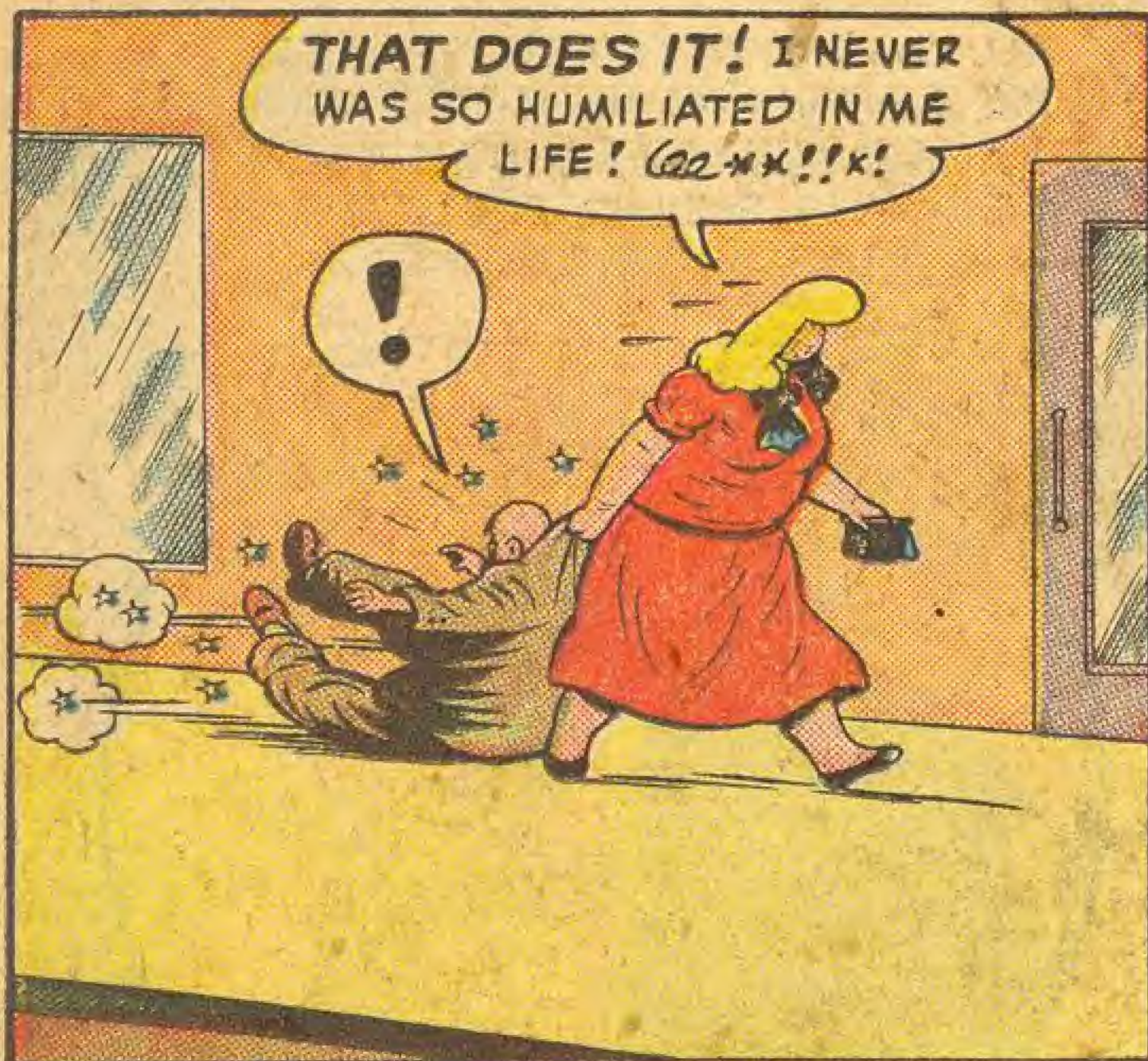
SMASH COMICS

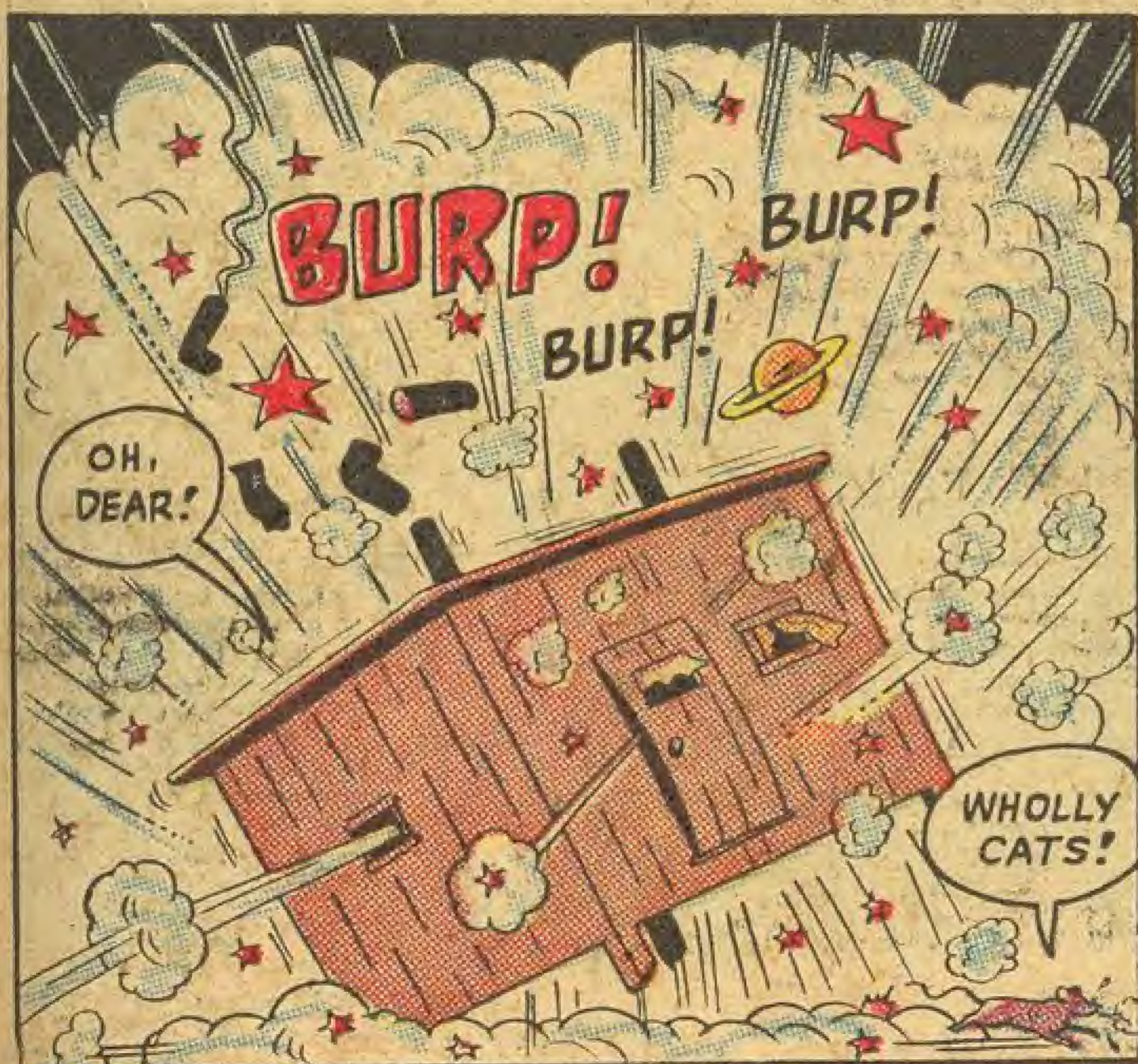


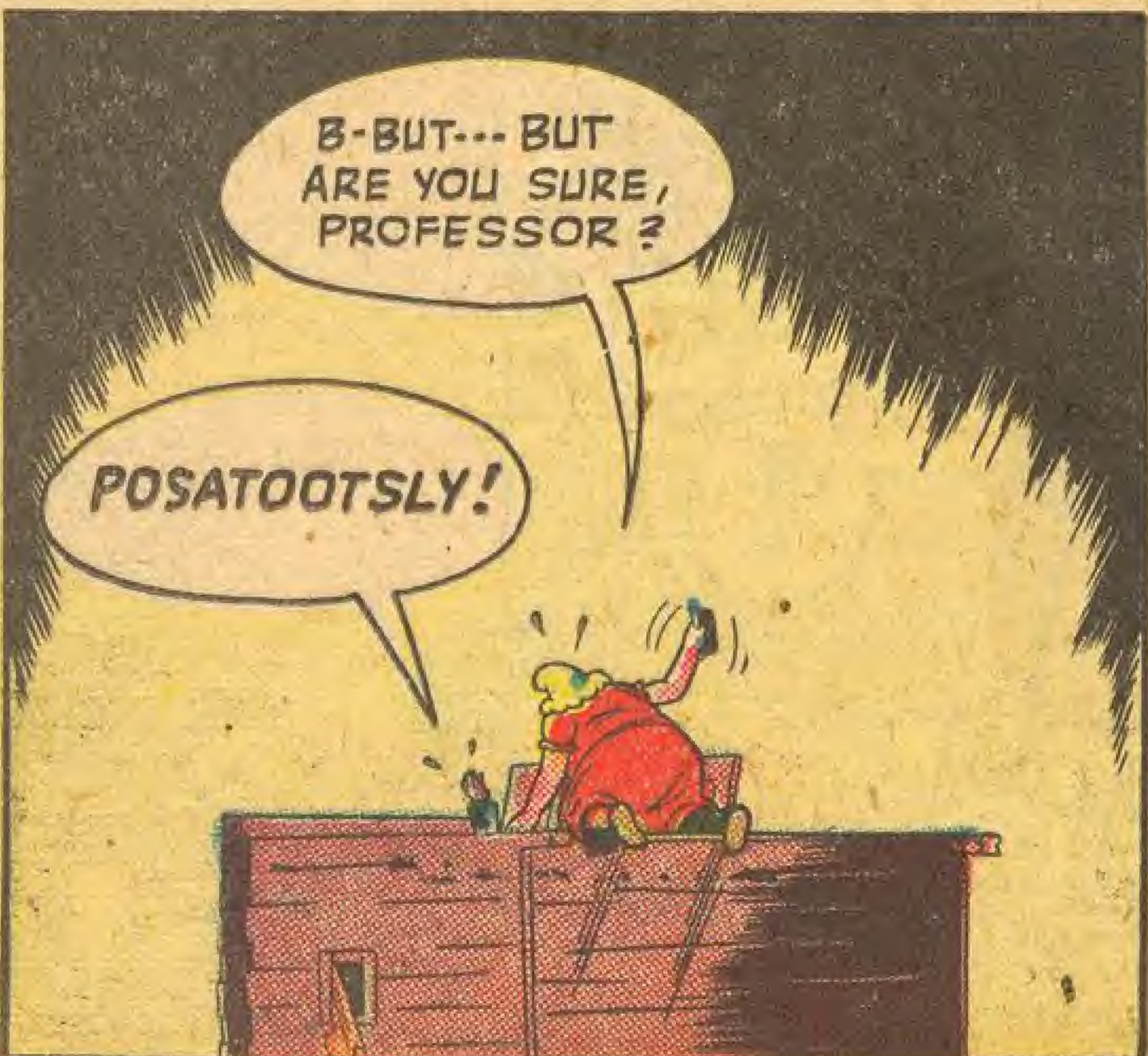
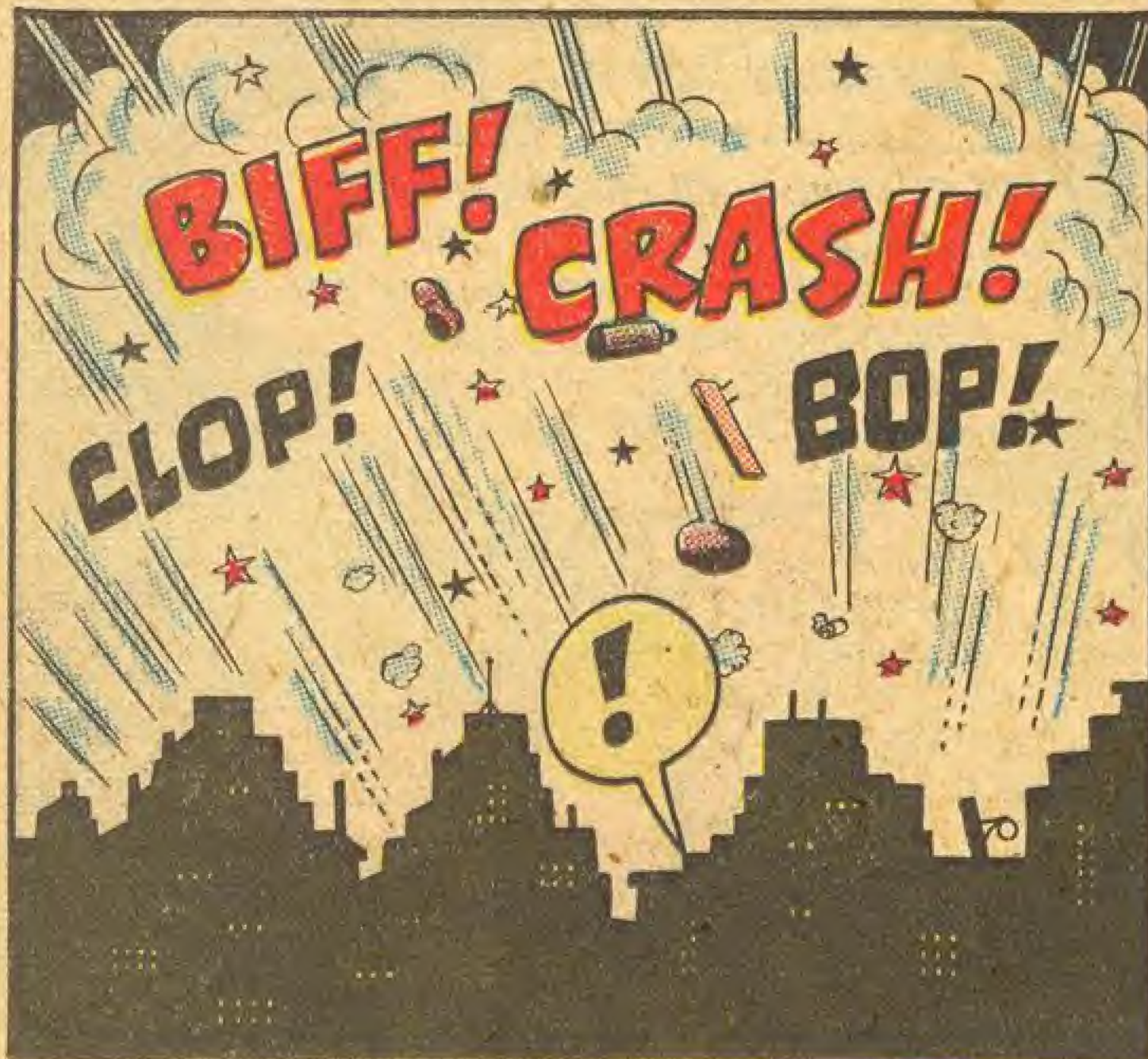
Batch BACHELOR

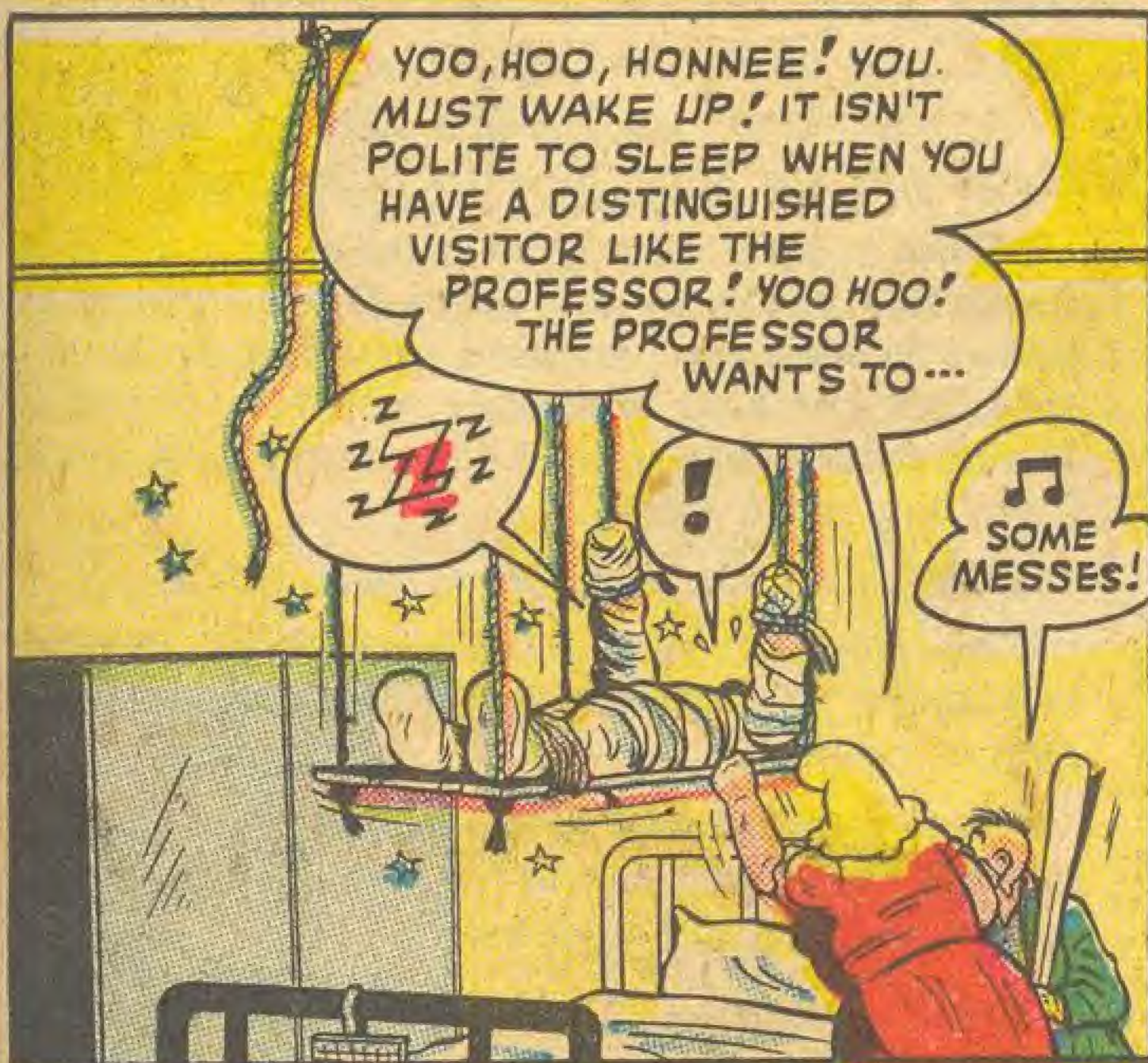
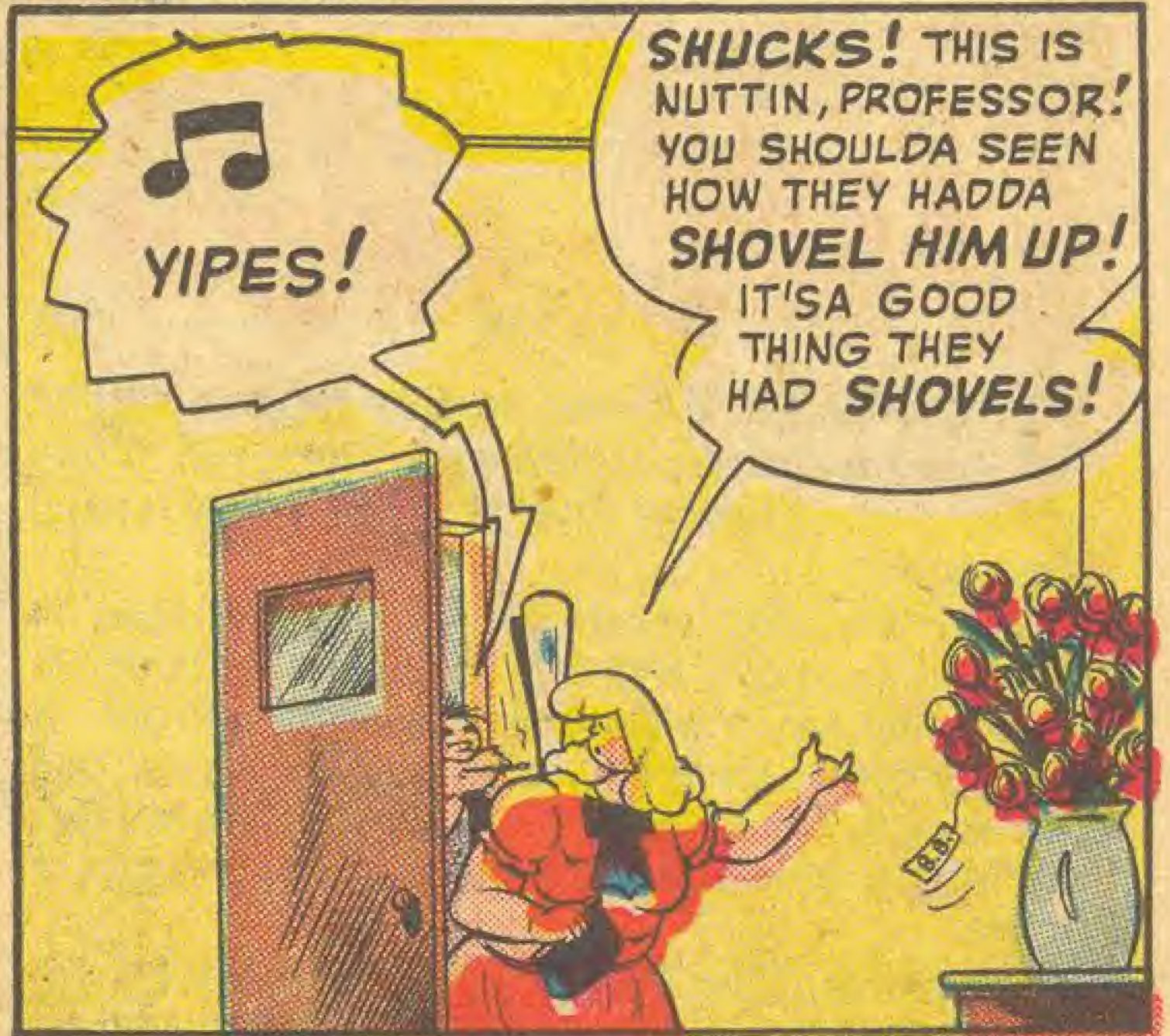
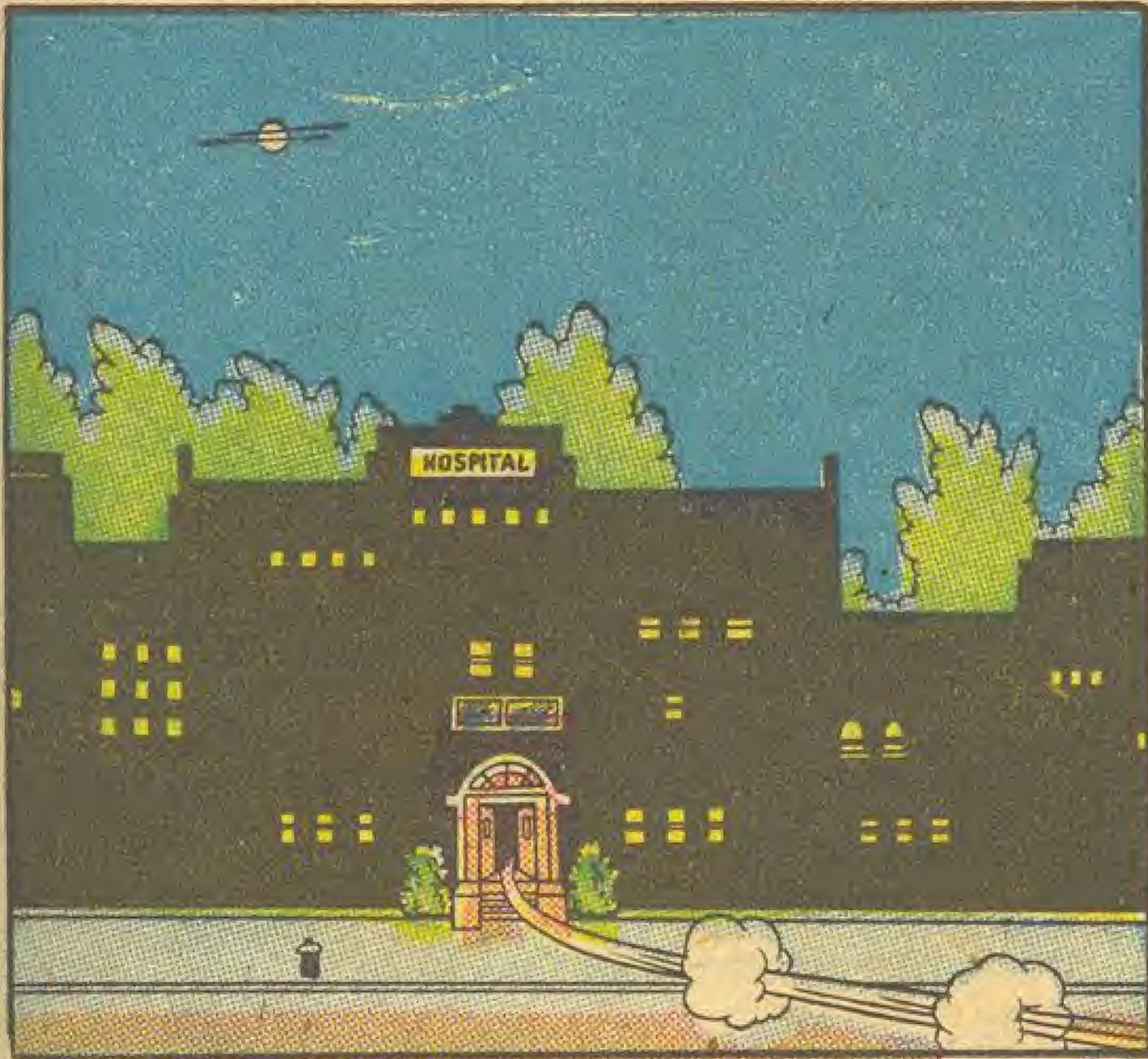








SMASH COMICS



DOC lays an egg-Maybe

DOC WACKEY never resents anyone calling his inventions Goldbergs. They are. They are screwy. Wherein Doc Wackey doesn't belie his name.

Take his most recent device, for example. It was a nine day's wonder. It caused a panic. It made men steal and almost commit murder. A get-rich-quick device, it broke on the world one day in late September. Twenty-four hours later the entire Midwest was agog with dreams of riches.

Of course, Doc Wackey had no idea his invention was going to sweep the nation. Although he said afterward that he knew the idea was a good one. Had he been unscrupulous, he would have made a fortune.

But the story has a different ending—

In fact, the story has a different beginning.

It started like this: One day Dave Clark, well known radio announcer and friend of Doc's, came into the latter's cluttered laboratory and looked around.

"What can I do for you, Dave?" Doc asked him.

Dave shrugged. "Wish I knew, Doc. We have a new sponsor, one with money, but with a product that is hard to sell these days—at least over the air."

"Yeah? What's that?"

"Chickens."

"Chi— You mean hens and roosters?"

"Exactly," said Dave. "Lots of people have a few chickens. They don't want any more. Anyway, the ones they have don't lay enough eggs."

"Hunh!" Doc rubbed the reddish thatch on his head. "Eggs," he said. "Don't lay enough, huh?"

"Naw. So they're a liability."

Doc looked up. "Would they be a liability if they laid more eggs? Would people buy chickens that laid a dozen eggs a day?"

"Sure. But that's crazy. Chickens don't lay that way."

"No," said Doc. "No, they don't. But if they could be forced to—"

"What are you getting at, Doc?"

But Doc would tell him nothing more, and Dave left, thinking the world was quite often a dull place. Especially for radio announcers who had to cook up selling campaigns for their sponsors.

A few days later, Doc called Dave into his laboratory.

"Well, here it is, boy," said Doc, exhibiting a tiny contraption about the size of a milk carton.

"What the heck is it?" Dave asked.

"Egg stimulator," Doc said.

"Egg stim—"

"A device to make hens lay a dozen eggs a day," said Doc easily. "Works too. I've been trying it on some hens."

Doc waited for the explosion of laughter. It didn't come. Instead, Dave Clark got an interested look on his face.

"Listen, Doc, you aren't kidding, are you? Have you got something to make hens lay?"

"That's what I've been telling you. This little device hooks to any radio. One to each hen-house. It sends out a sound inaudible to human ears, but one that is readily heard by chickens. I guarantee that particular sound will make them lay more eggs."

Dave blinked. "Simple as that, huh?"

Doc grinned. "I know what you're going to say next: 'Why hasn't someone thought of this gadget before?'"

"As a matter of fact," said Dave, "I was. Why haven't they?"

"I don't know," said Doc.

Dave picked up the device. There was little visible except the paper case and two wires ready to be fastened to the proper outlets. "Nothing much to it, is there?" he said.

"More than you think," Doc told him. "But it is all enclosed. After all, why shouldn't I protect my invention from duplication?"

"Then you mean you're actually going to sell this gadget?" Dave demanded. He answered himself; "And why not! What do you want for the invention, Doc?"

Doc pondered. "I thought you might make a deal with that sponsor of yours. With an egg stimulator they can sell plenty of chickens, can't they?"

"Holy cow!" cried Dave. "Sure they can! Come on, Doc, we'll go see 'em! Bring the gadget!"

They were out of the lab in a moment and heading toward the sponsors' offices. They made a quick deal and a good one. Or at least, it seemed good at the time.

SMASH COMICS

The ink was barely dry on the contract, however, when word of the new device leaked out. A newsman got hold of it, phoned it in to his paper, and the evening editions carried a story of an egg producer that made non-laying hens lay a dozen eggs a day. An hour later the sponsor who owned the contract was offered ten times what he had paid for it. He turned it down.

Then threatening wires began coming in. Sell out to us, or else!

The sponsor called in the FBI and the local police. The FBI wasn't interested until there was an actual threat, or attempt at kidnaping, or something. The local police said they had nothing to go on—yet.

The next morning, as the sponsor was driving to his office, he was fired on by an assailant in another car that sped by.

In the afternoon mail he received a large box marked fragile. He took it from his secretary's hands, lifted it, shook it, decided he could hear a faint tick—and called the police.

The cops gingerly carried the box to headquarters and chucked it into some acid that was supposed to drown out bombs. After duly waiting, they opened the box and found that it contained seeds of a rare Java plant which the sender claimed would make hens lay like mad.

All this time, Dave Clark was having a field day on the air. He told all about the egg stimulator, about the interest it had aroused, even about the would-be law-breaking of unscrupulous competitors.

And all this time little Doc Wackey, the inventor, was strutting about the streets being patted on the back and buying ice cream sodas for every newsboy in town. He was now a big-shot, with money in his pocket.

All because he had seen farther ahead than anybody else. Ho, what was an egg stimulator! Nothing at all. A simple device he could make for a few cents. Yet because of it, the world was at his feet.

The radio sponsor had been working feverishly with its new invention, trying it on its thousands of non-laying hens. And the recalcitrant biddies did turn out more eggs. Was it because of the radio device?

Of course! What else? Give the machine time. It would have every hen in the country laying eggs by the score. But no—The sponsor didn't want that. He wanted HIS hens to lay, but not those of his competitors. He'd sell them a less efficient machine—maybe—for a nice profit.

The offers he received for duplicate machines were out of the world. Millions were in the offing. But this sponsor was a prudent soul. He'd give the device a sound testing.

But while the tests were going on, word of the stimulator was spreading around the world. And the world was clamoring loudly and offering millions.

It was worth it. The sponsor's hens were laying at a phenomenal rate. A research bureau was set up to find new uses for the super-abundant hen-fruit, and a new public relations staff worked feverishly on ways of making the world more egg-conscious.

There was only one flaw. A silly, minor thing, it seemed at the time. But later—

The egg-experts conducting the experiments had reported it laughingly at first. It seemed the hens were more possessive about these new, prolific eggs than they had ever been before.

"Probably proud of their own record," one of the testers commented. But as time went on, the situation grew worse. Men who went in to collect the eggs were scratched and pecked till they bled. Automatic devices were installed in the nests—the pressure of an egg on the nest floor would release a trap door, and the egg would roll into a receiving basket without disturbing the hen.

But even this didn't work. A hen deprived of her eggs for more than a few days would go suddenly berserk. All over the sponsor's experimental farms, wild-eyed hens squawked and flapped in insane fury. They were committing mass suicide.

On the day the sponsor's publicity campaign was officially to open, with a national broadcast ceremony, Dave Clark received a frantic phone call.

"Get that inventor buddy of yours over here, quick!" the sponsor's voice bellowed. "He's murdering my hens! What's he got in that infernal gadget, anyway?"

Breathlessly, Dave rushed to the laboratory of Doc Wacky. "Hey, Doc," he screamed. "Something's gone wrong—your inventions making the hens commit suicide—they won't let the men take their eggs away!"

Doc's ragged beard drooped with sudden, deep misery. "What a fool I am," he muttered. "I never thought of that—"

"Of what, Doc, for heaven's sake!"

"My stimulator—it's a supersonic whistle, as I told you. But the sound it makes is the high peep of a baby chick—the mother call humans can't even hear. It stimulates the hens' maternal instinct—naturally she lays more eggs. But now—they're frustrating all those poor chickens. Naturally, they want their children with them. Dave, it's no use. I take back my invention. I will not break the hearts of America's hens!"

SMASH COMICS

The Jester



To many of his friends along the beat, Officer Chuck Lane is just a likeable cop doing his duty! None of them suspect that, when that duty is done, he steps into another role... to become *The Jester*, who always manages to have the last laugh on crime!

The quiet of Officer Chuck Lane's beat is suddenly broken by the sound of sirens...

AMBULANCE COMING THIS WAY... GUESS I'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S COOKING!

WHAT GOES ON... CAN I BE OF ANY HELP?

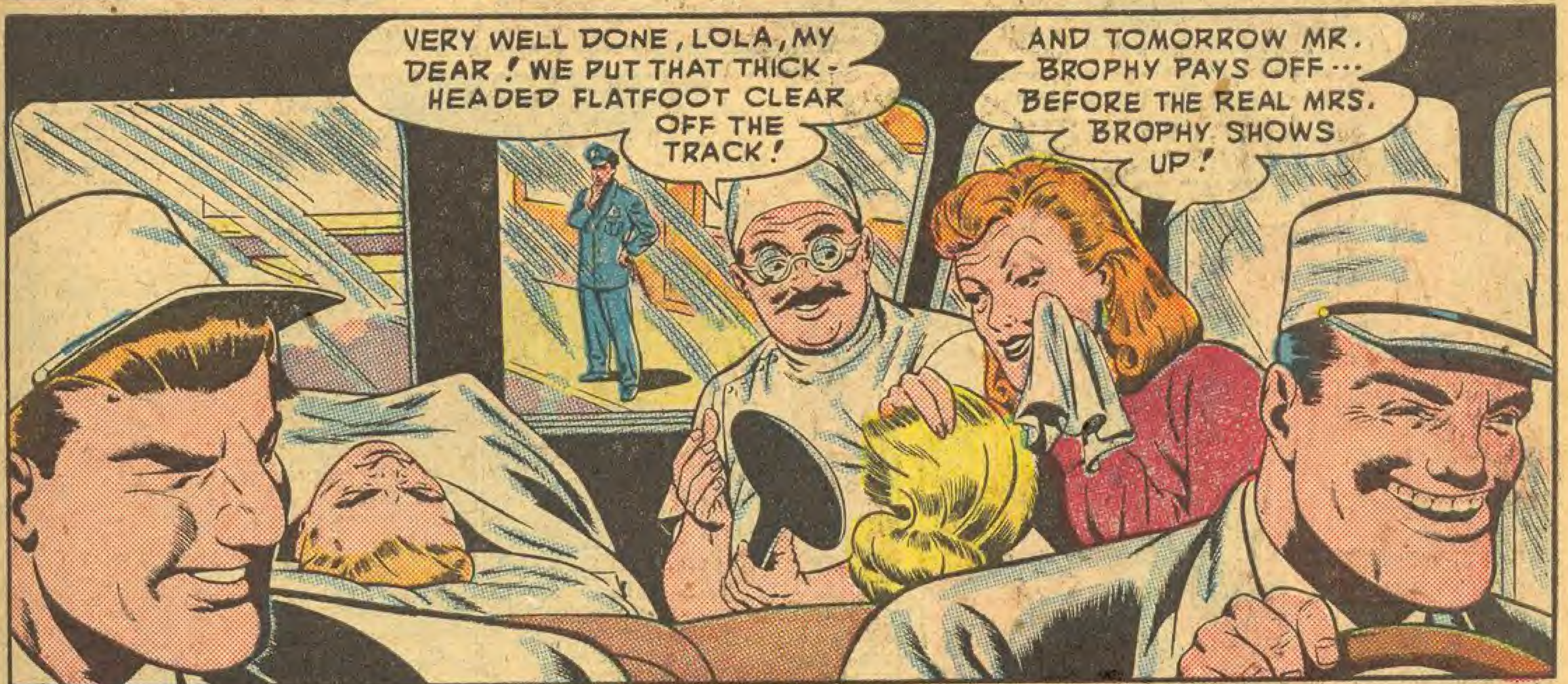
IT'S ALL RIGHT, OFFICER! I'M DOCTOR TROADE-- THIS MAN IS BEING TAKEN TO MY PRIVATE SANITARIUM!

WHY... THAT'S MR. BROPHY, THE PRESIDENT OF THE VESUVIUS INSURANCE COMPANY!

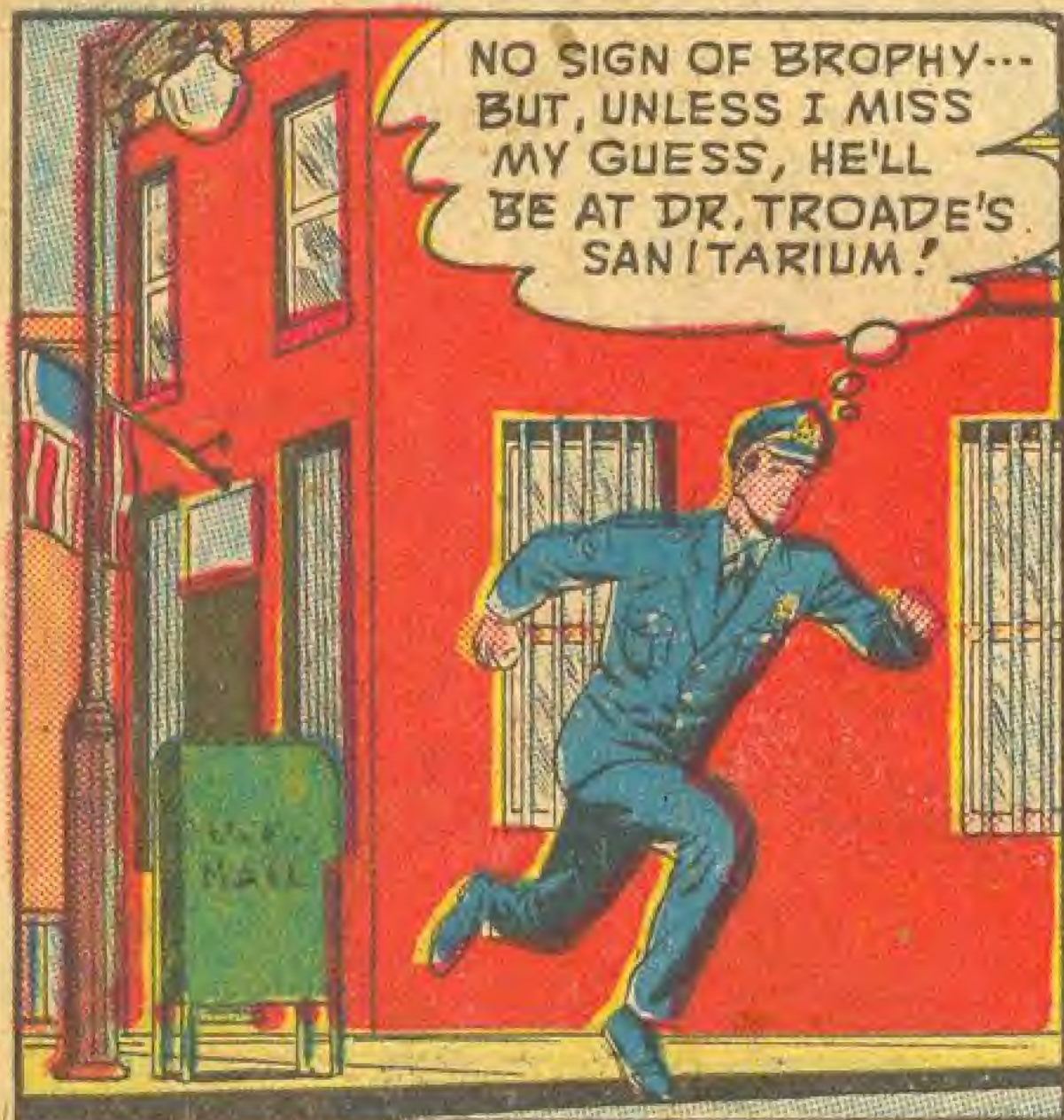
A SAD CASE, OFFICER! MRS. BROPHY HERE, CALLED ME INSTEAD OF ONE OF THE REGULAR HOSPITALS, TO... ER... AVOID EMBARRASSMENT!



SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS

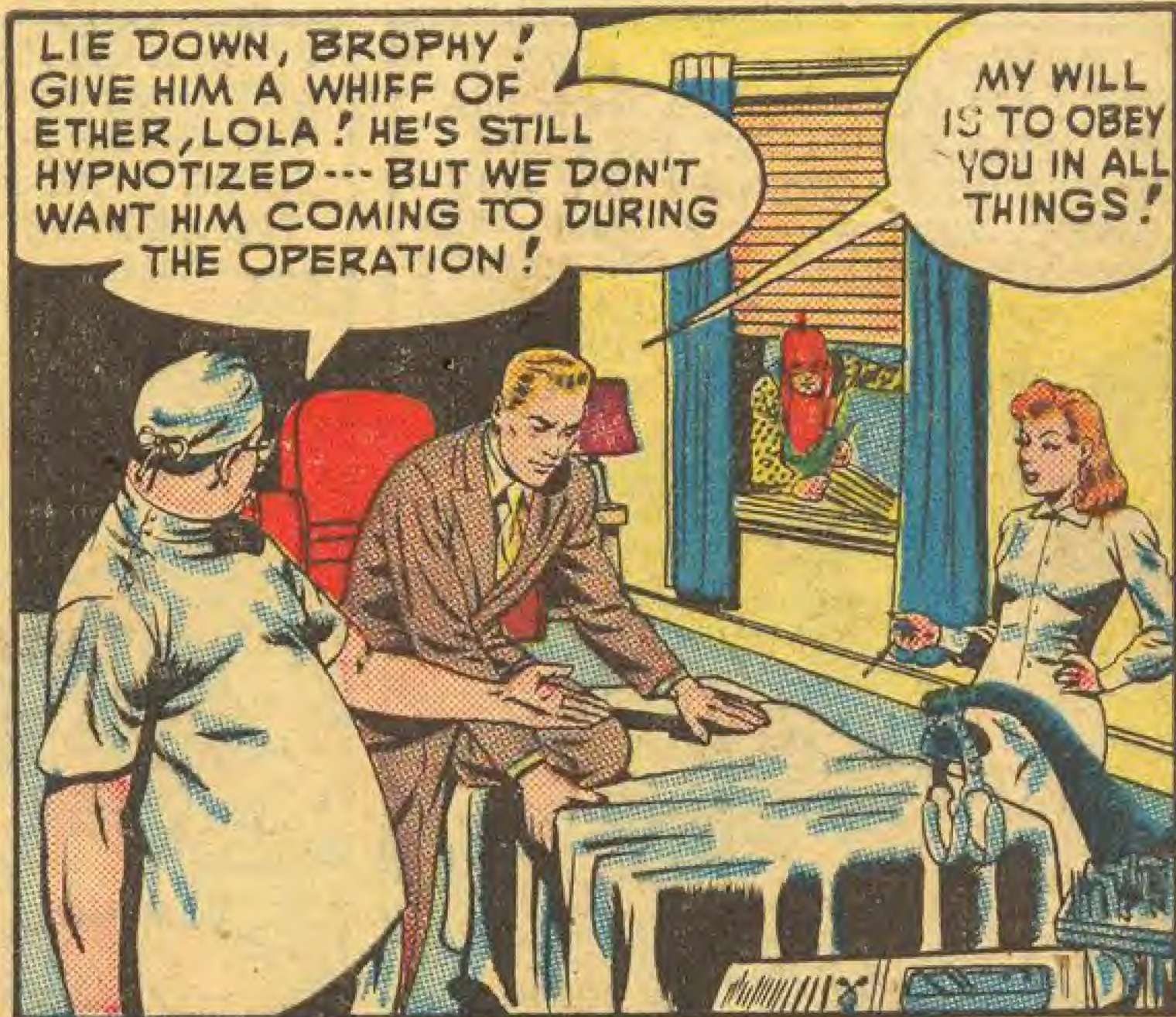


SMASH COMICS



I HEAR VOICES... AND ONE OF THEM IS TROADE'S!

ANOTHER HUNDRED GRAND FOR THE KITTY! NOW FOR MY LITTLE OPERATION... BEFORE BROPHY COMES OUT OF HIS HYPNOTIC TRANCE AND REPENTS OF HIS GENEROSITY!



LIE DOWN, BROPHY! GIVE HIM A WHIFF OF ETHER, LOLA! HE'S STILL HYPNOTIZED... BUT WE DON'T WANT HIM COMING TO DURING THE OPERATION!

MY WILL IS TO OBEY YOU IN ALL THINGS!



A TINY LITTLE BRAIN OPERATION AND BROPHY WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO TELL WHO FLEECED HIM... BECAUSE HIS MEMORY WILL BE GONE! WHAT WAS THAT?

EEEEK!



JESTER! WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?

JUST OUR LITTLE JOKE, DR. TROADE! QUINO-POLIS AND I THINK YOU SHOULD POSTPONE THIS OPERATION!



I DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS LITTLE GAME... YET! BUT YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN A COUPLE OF POINTS, DOCTOR TROADE!

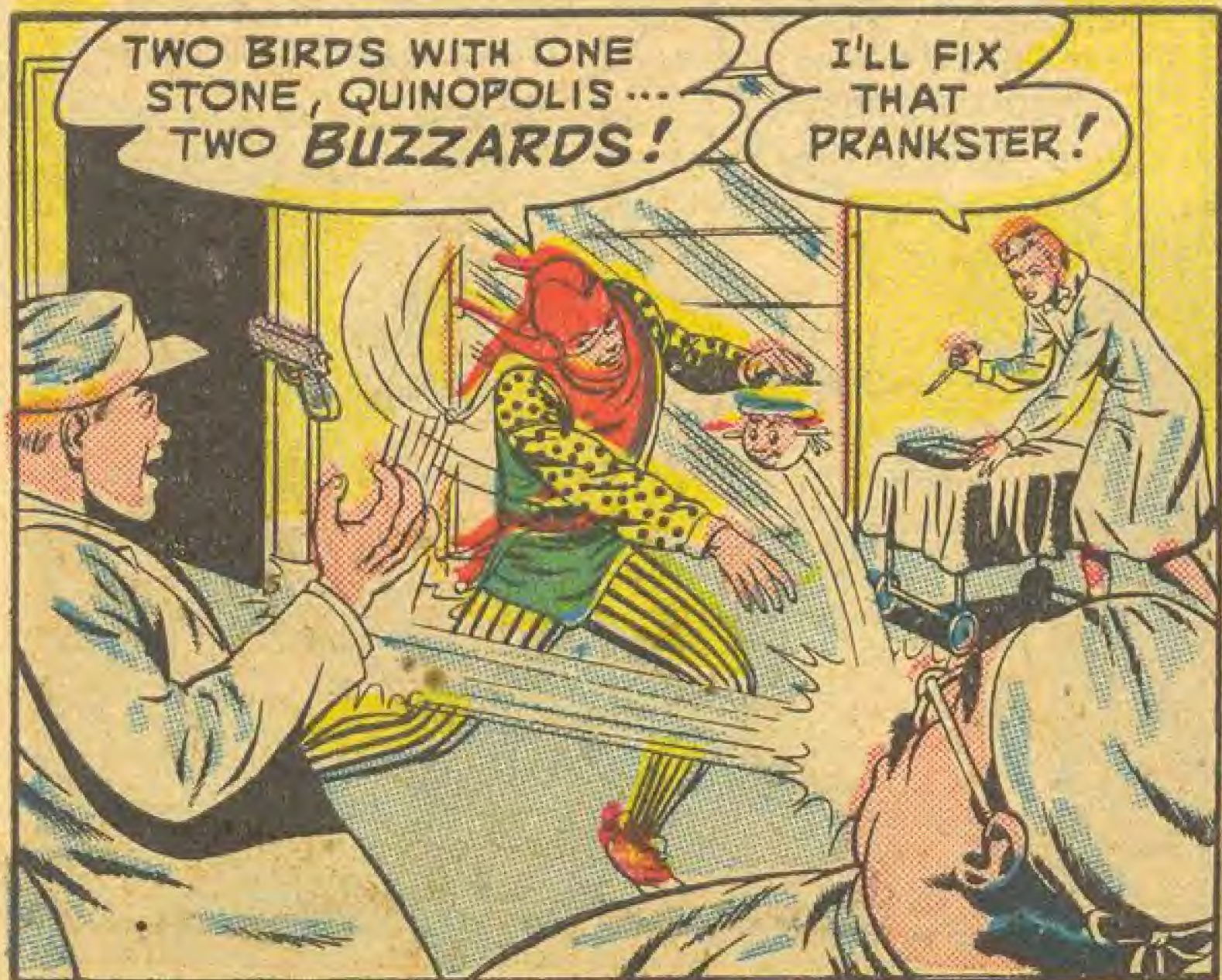
YOU'LL REGRET THIS OUTRAGEOUS INTERRUPTION, YOU CLOWN!



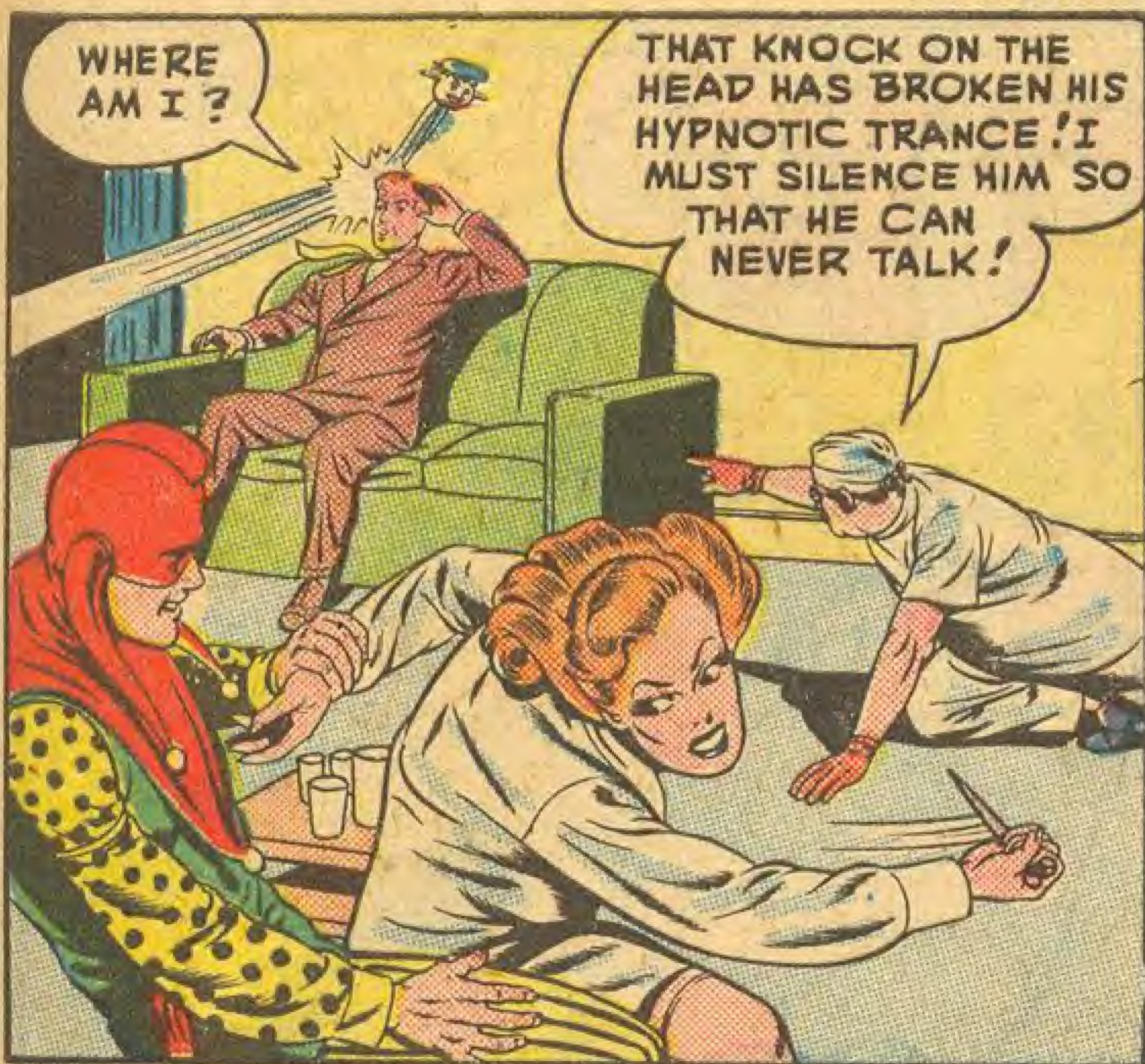
WE HEARD THE BUZZER, BOSS... FIGURED YOU NEEDED US!

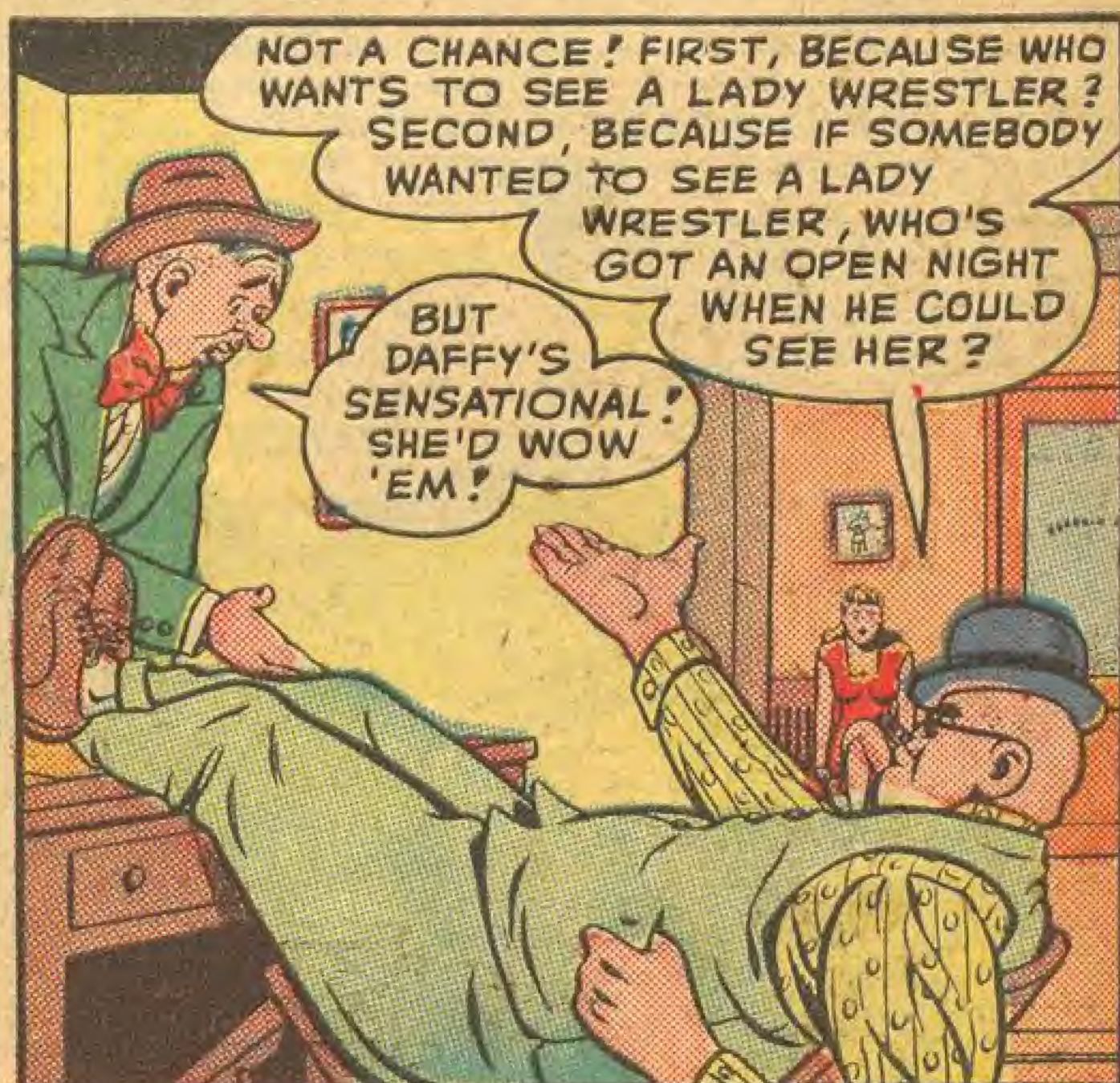
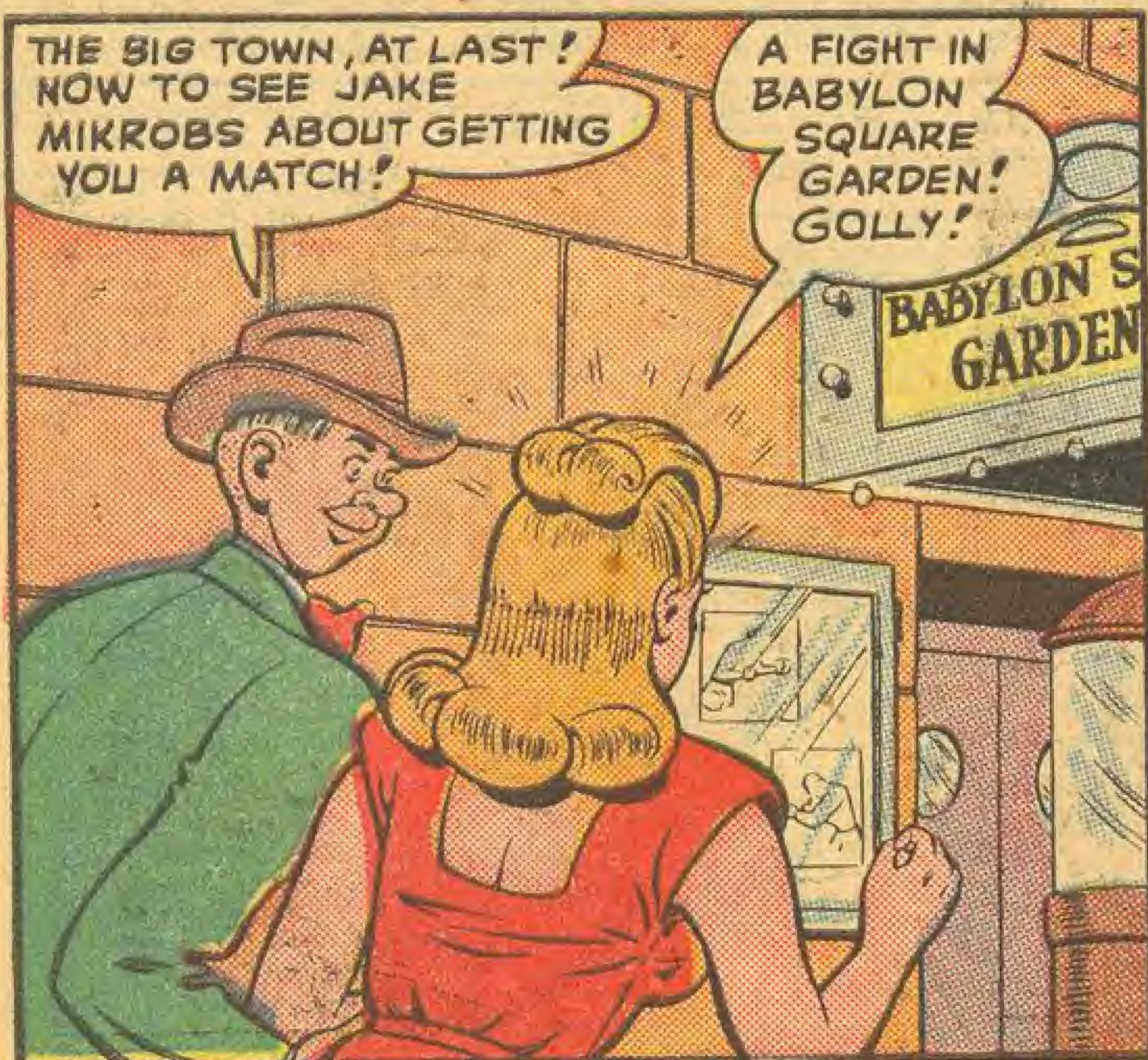
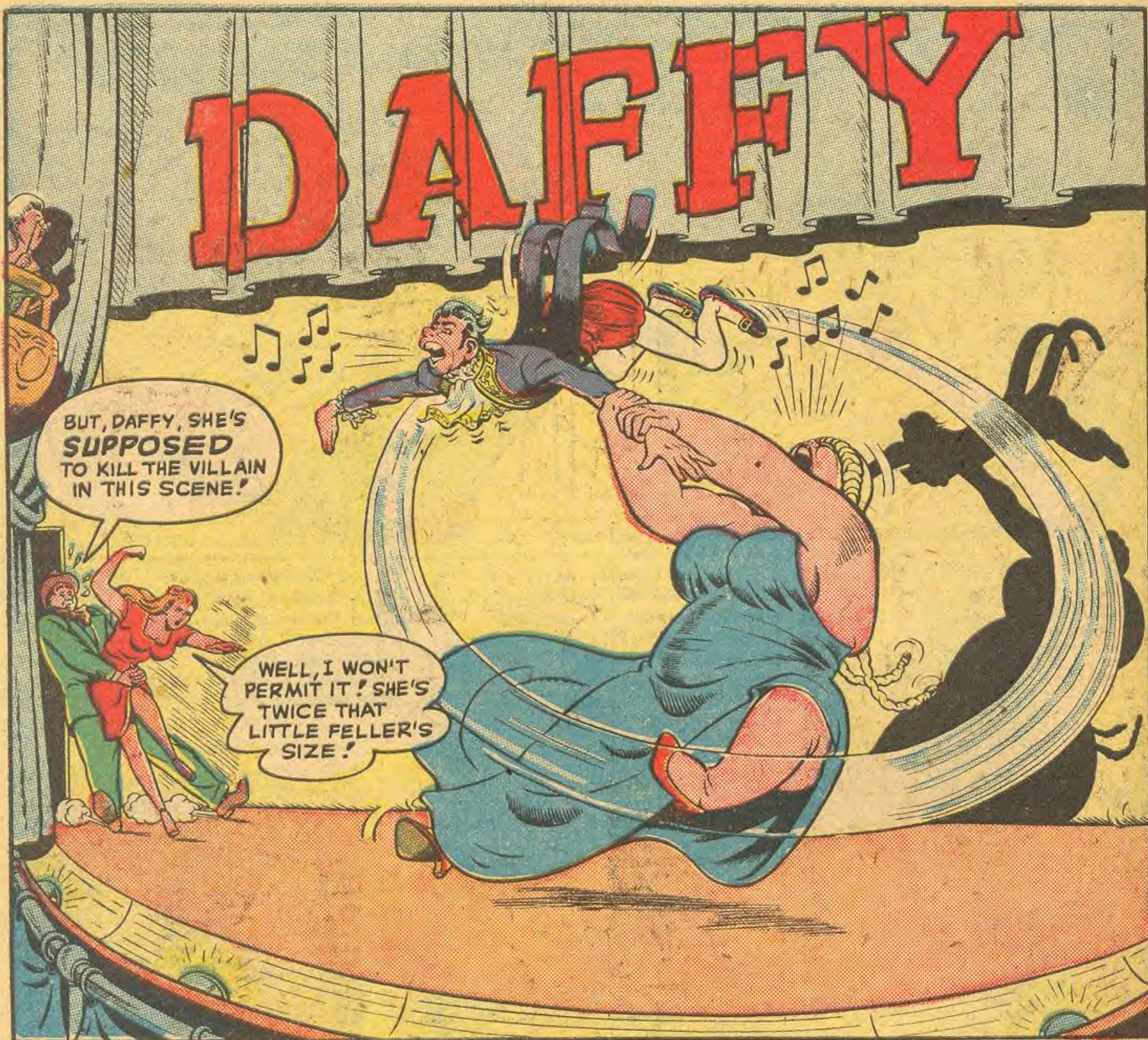
TAKE CARE OF THIS MONKEY... HE'S ASKING TOO MANY QUESTIONS!

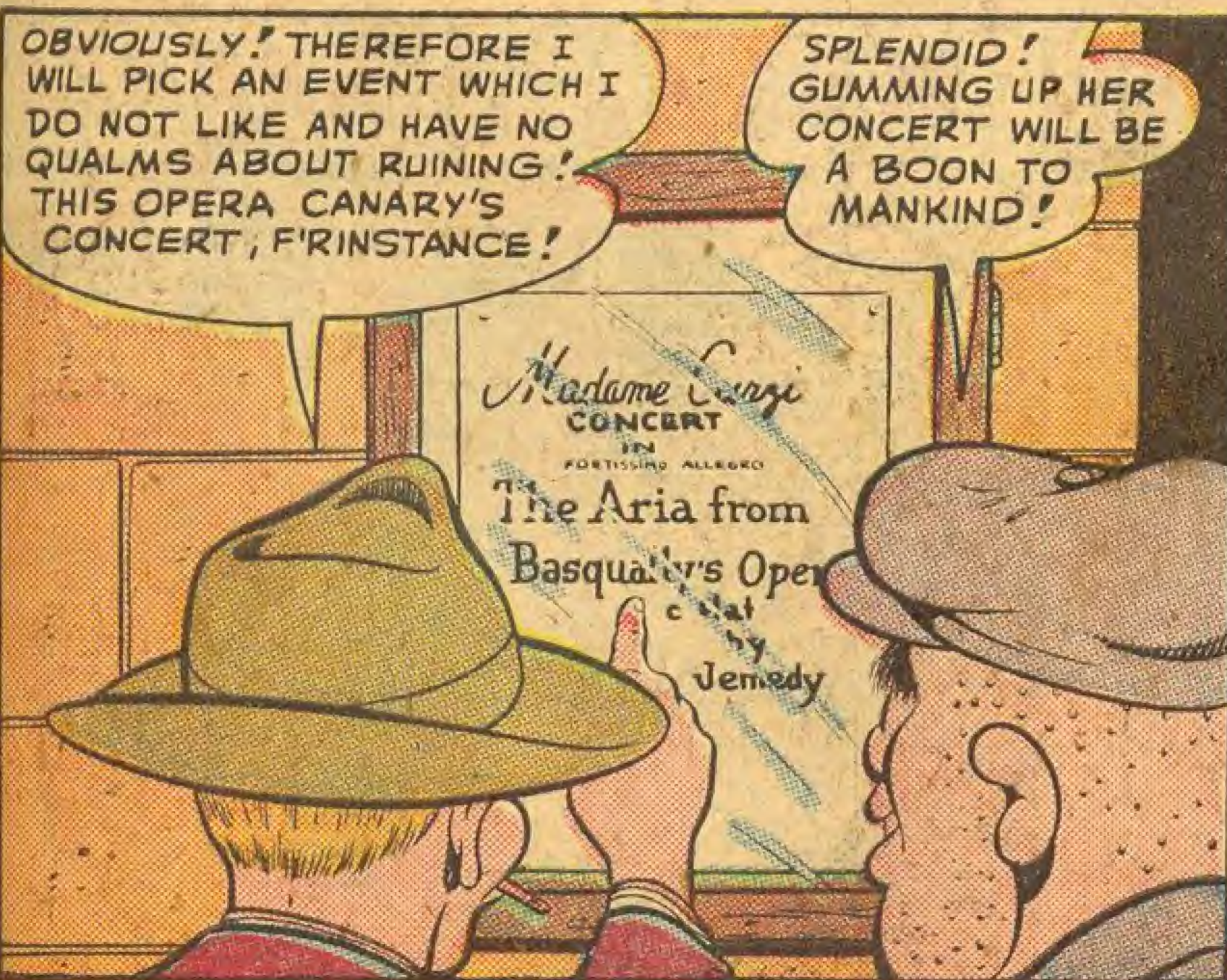
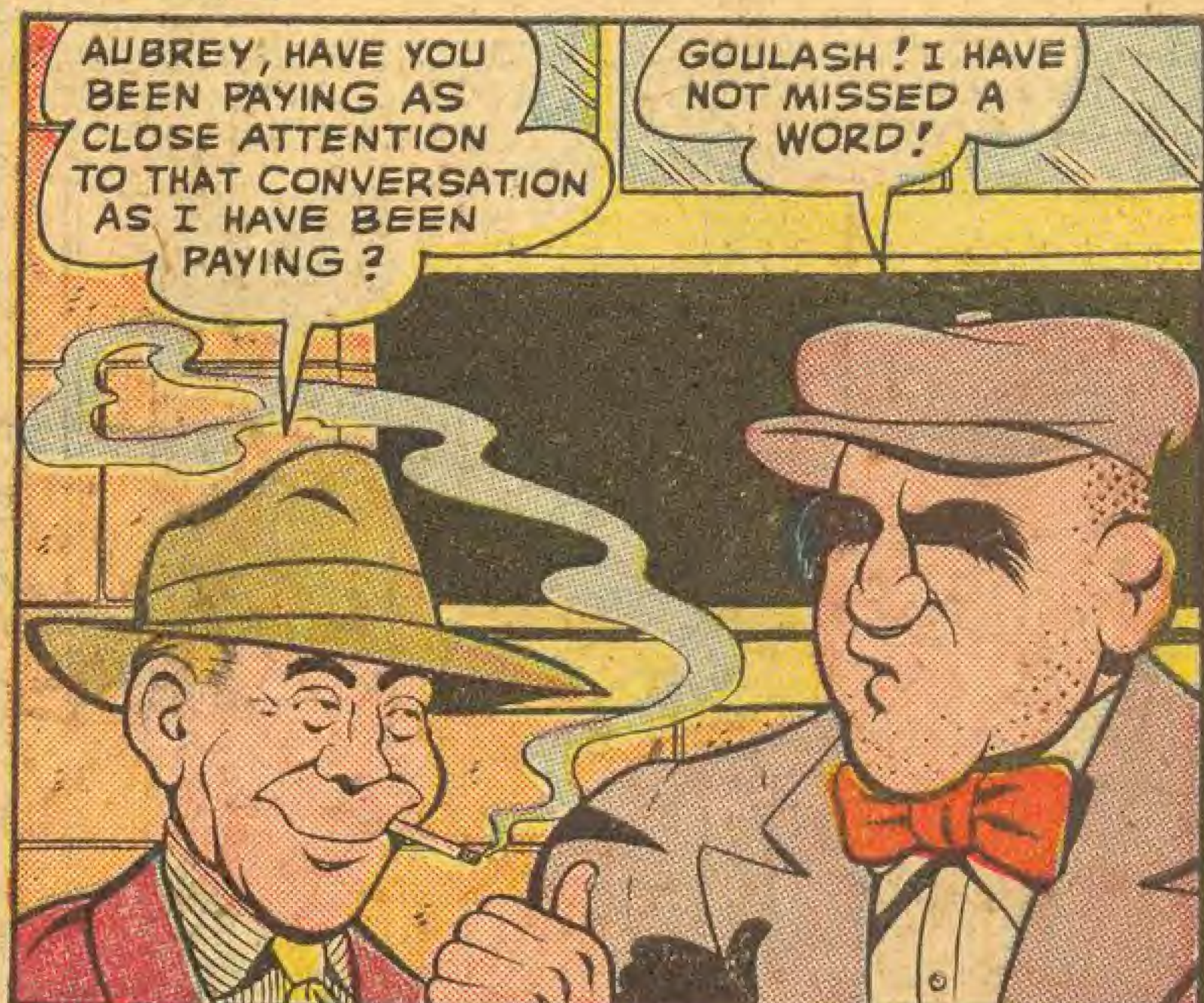
SMASH COMICS



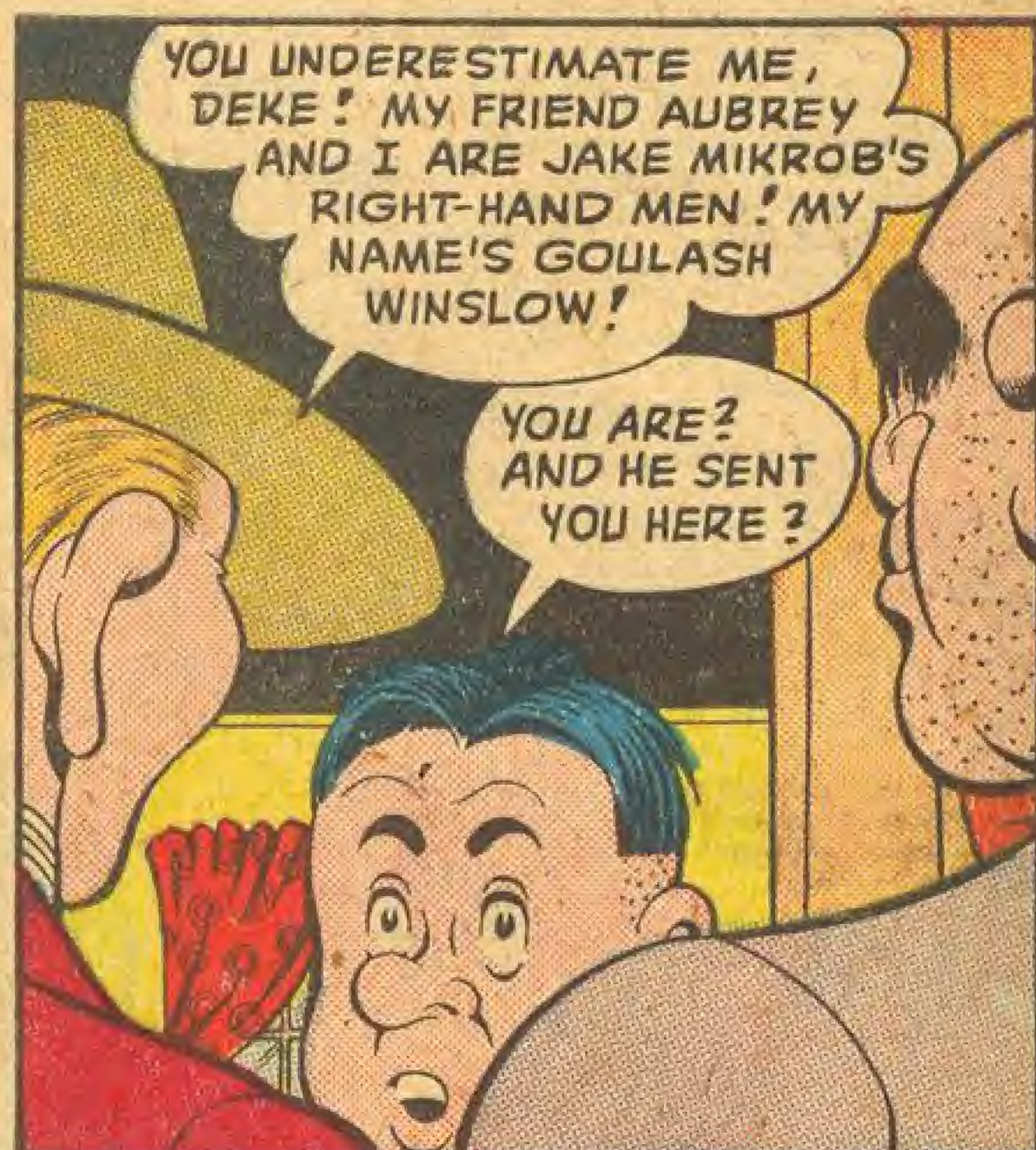
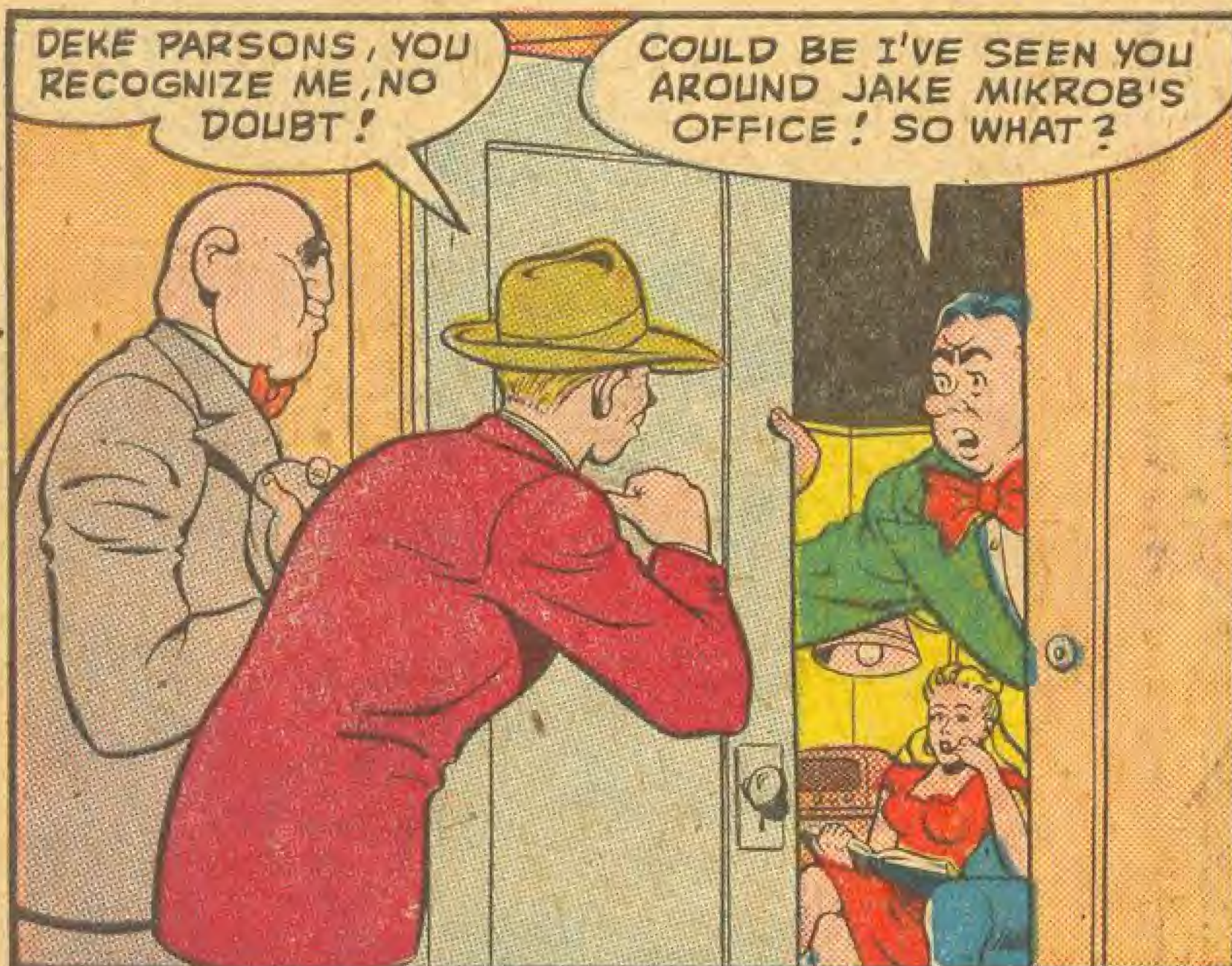
SMASH COMICS







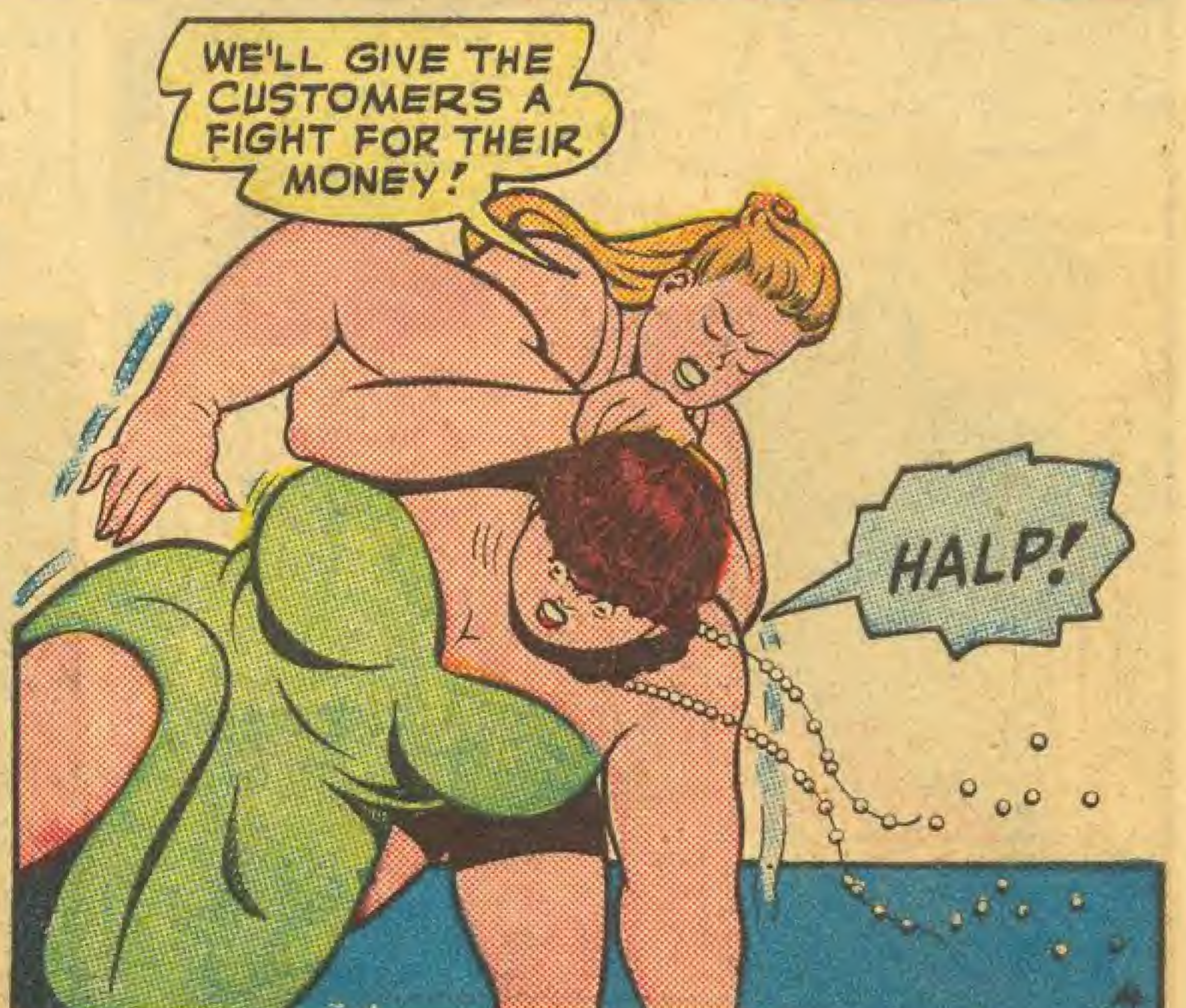
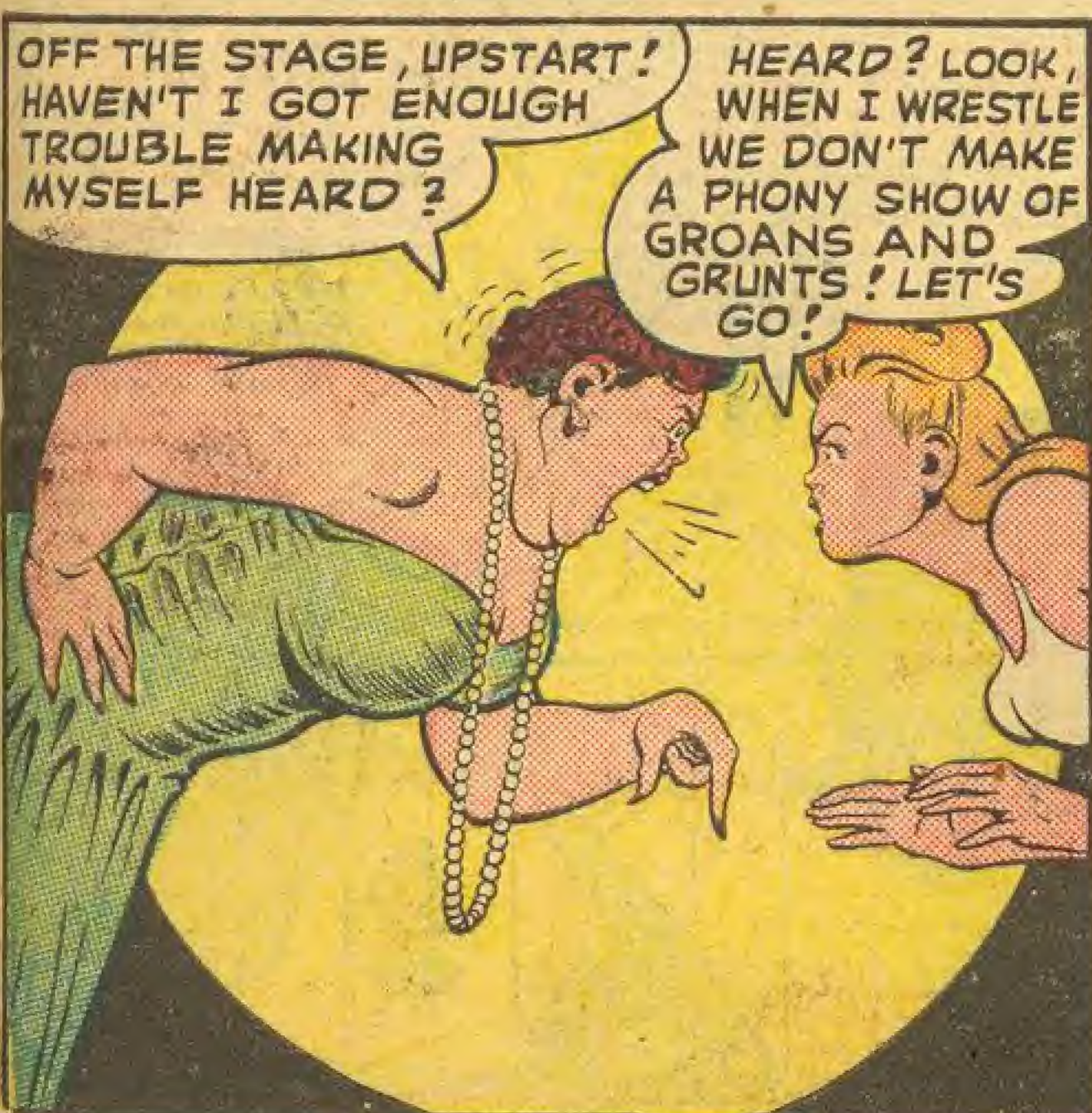
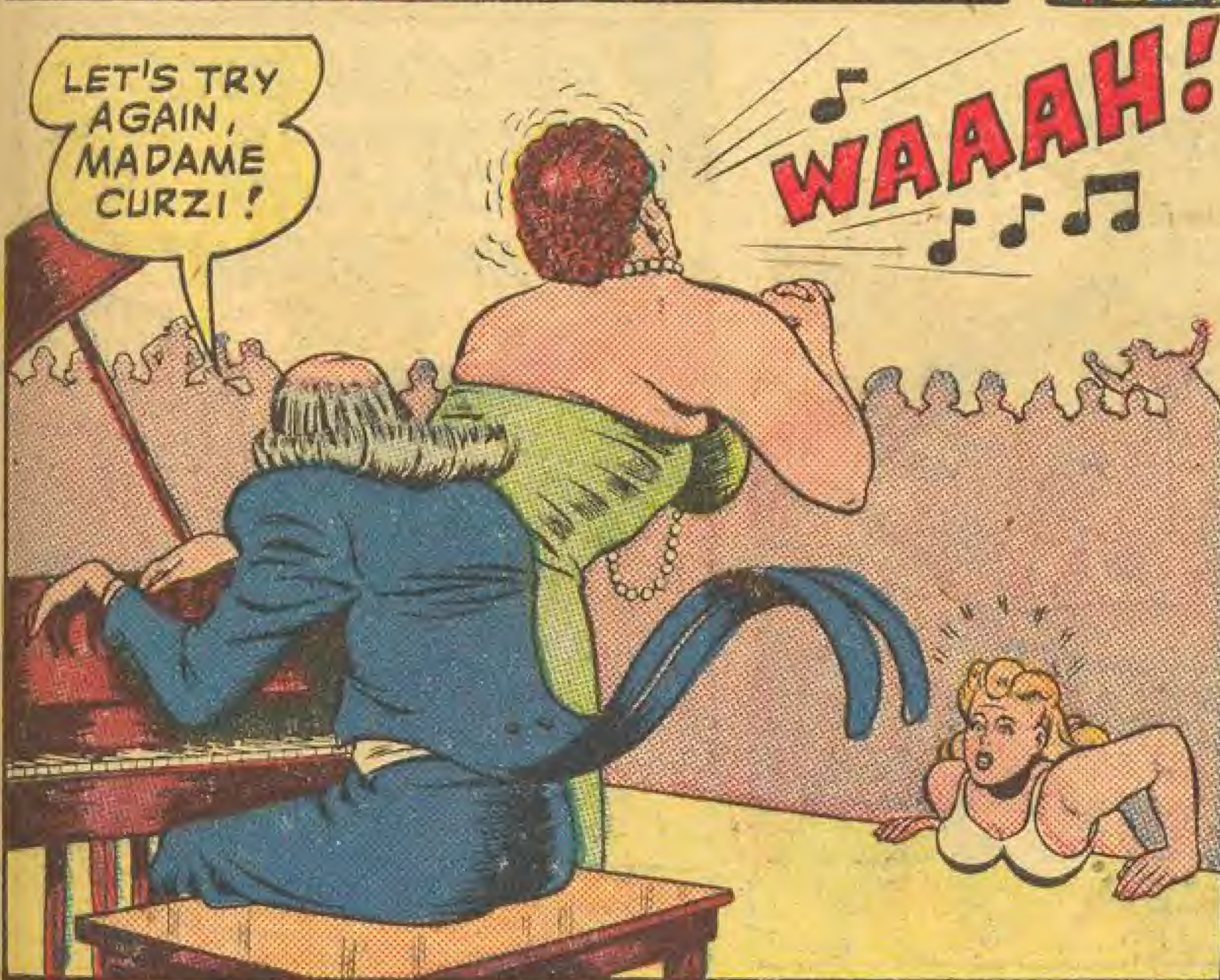
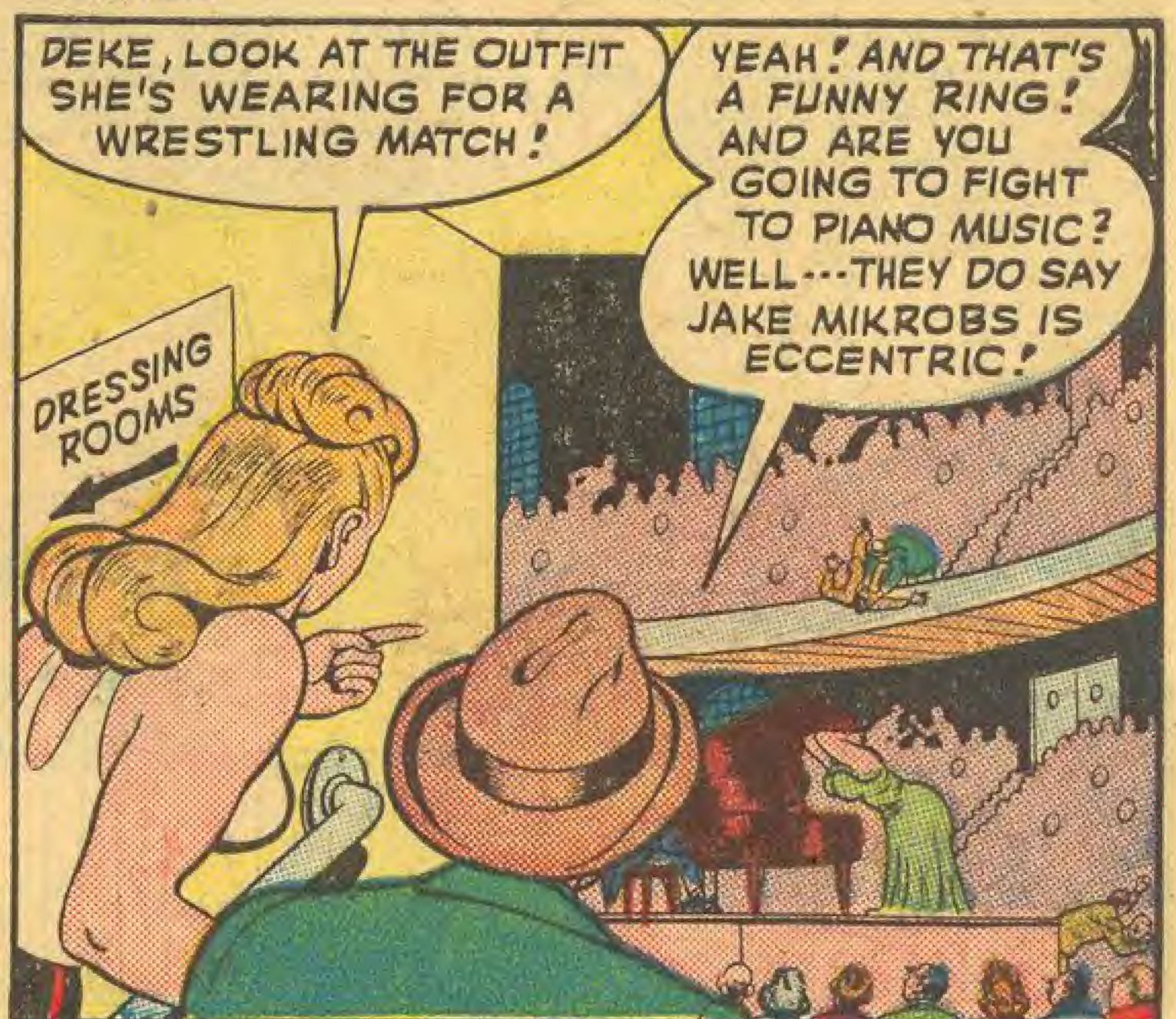
SMASH COMICS



But
A T H A T M O M E N T ...



SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS

SEE THAT, PAL? I TOLD YOU IT WAS A WRESTLING MATCH, NOT A CONCERT! NOW WILL YOU GIMME MY SEAT?

NO! I BOUGHT A SEAT FOR A CONCERT AND I'M GOING TO GET ONE!



I'VE STOOD ENOUGH OF THIS!



AH! THERE'S SOME FIGHT IN YOU, AFTER ALL!



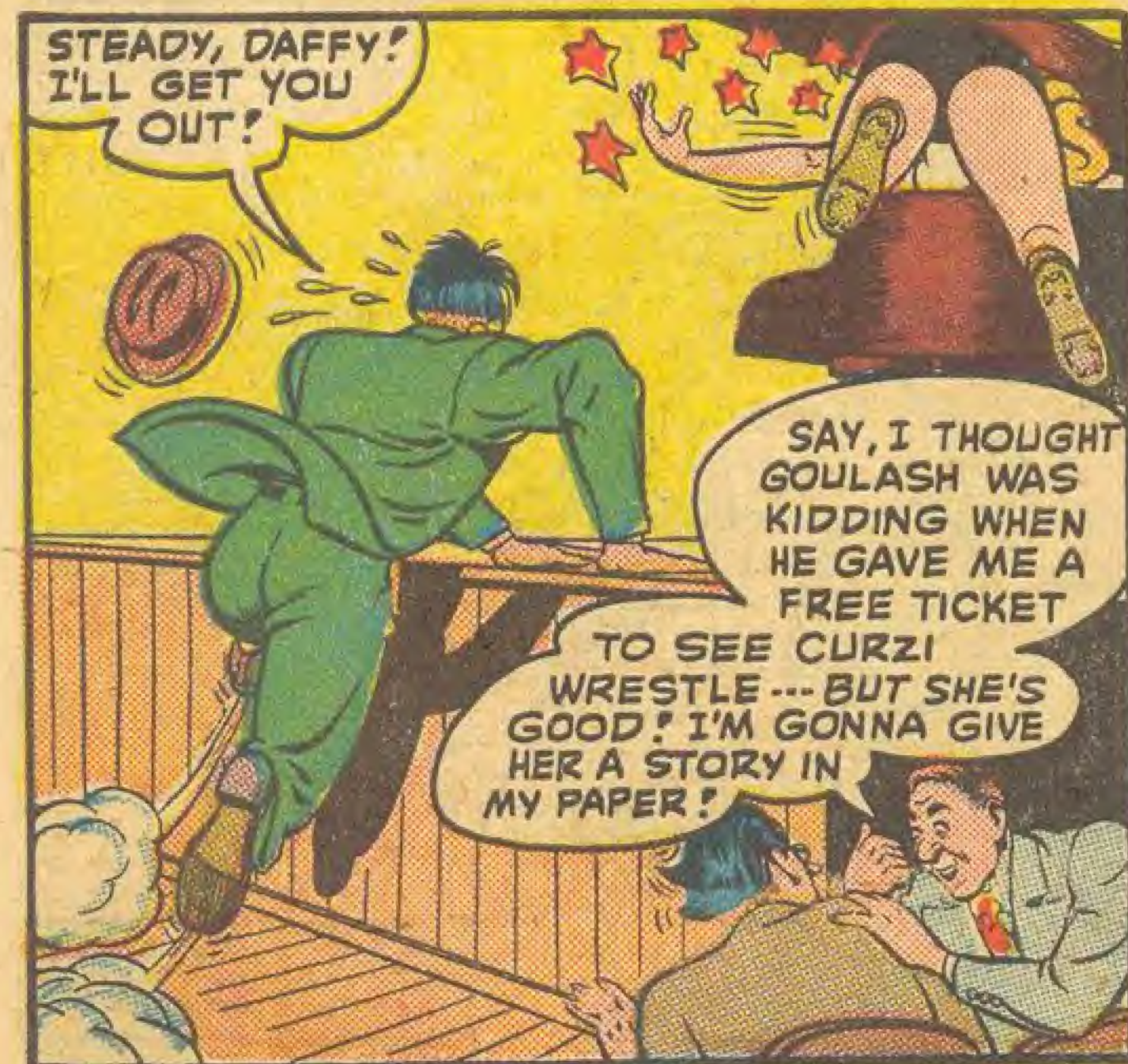
THERE!

CRASH!

TINKLE! TINKLE!



EE-EEOW-OW! MY NOSE IS CAUGHT! WA-AAAAH!



STEADY, DAFFY! I'LL GET YOU OUT!

SAY, I THOUGHT GOULASH WAS KIDDING WHEN HE GAVE ME A FREE TICKET

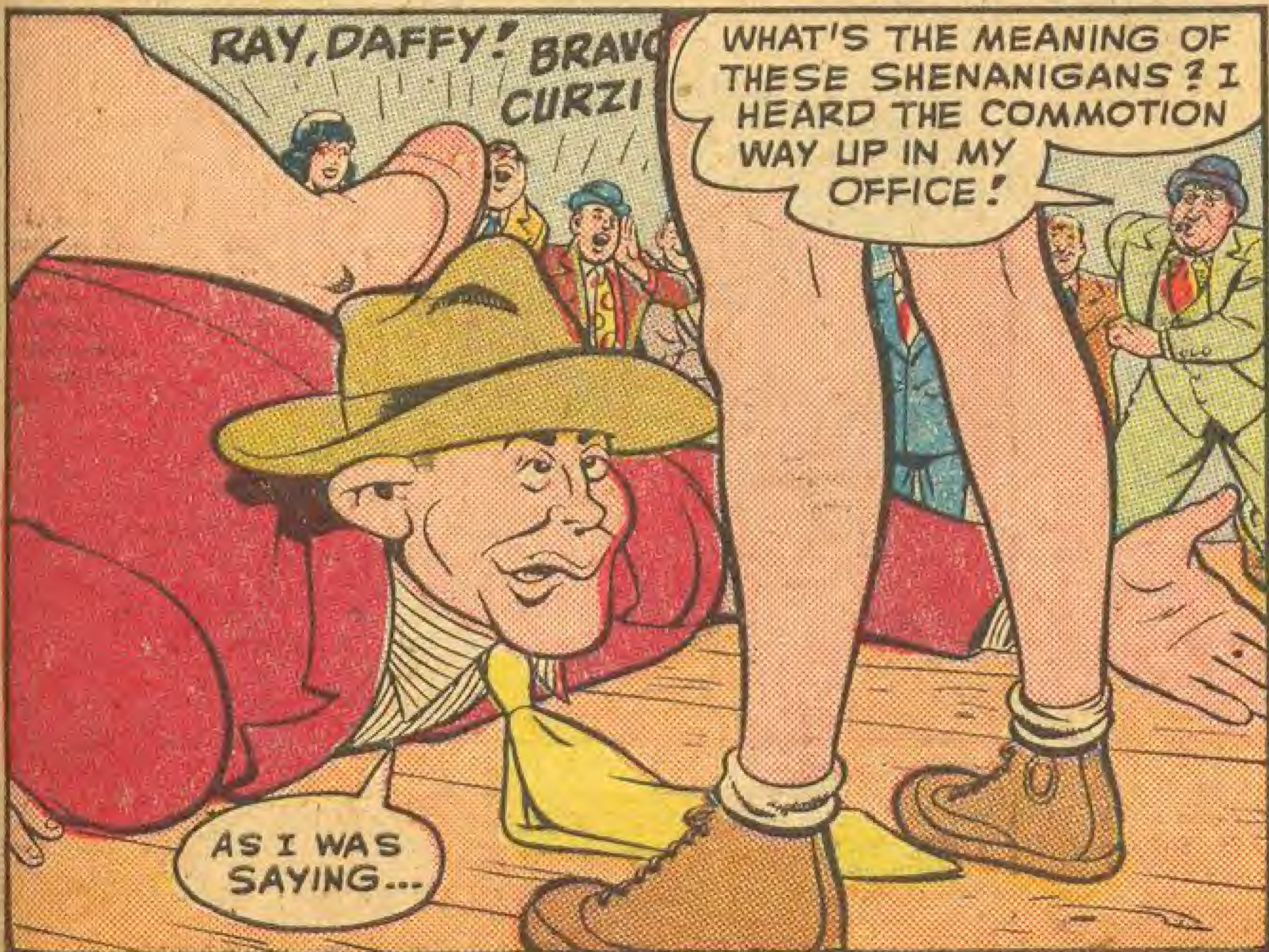
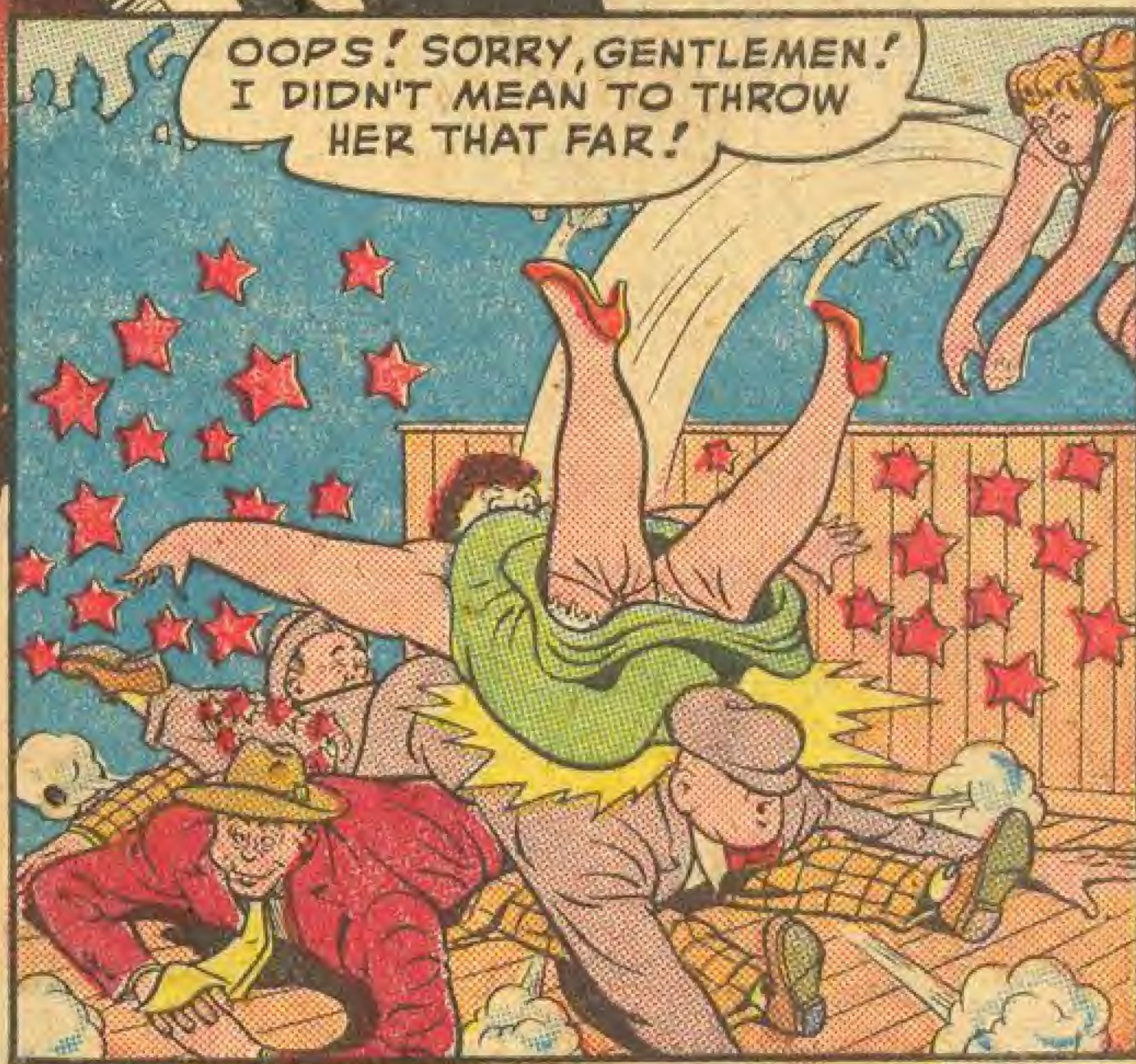
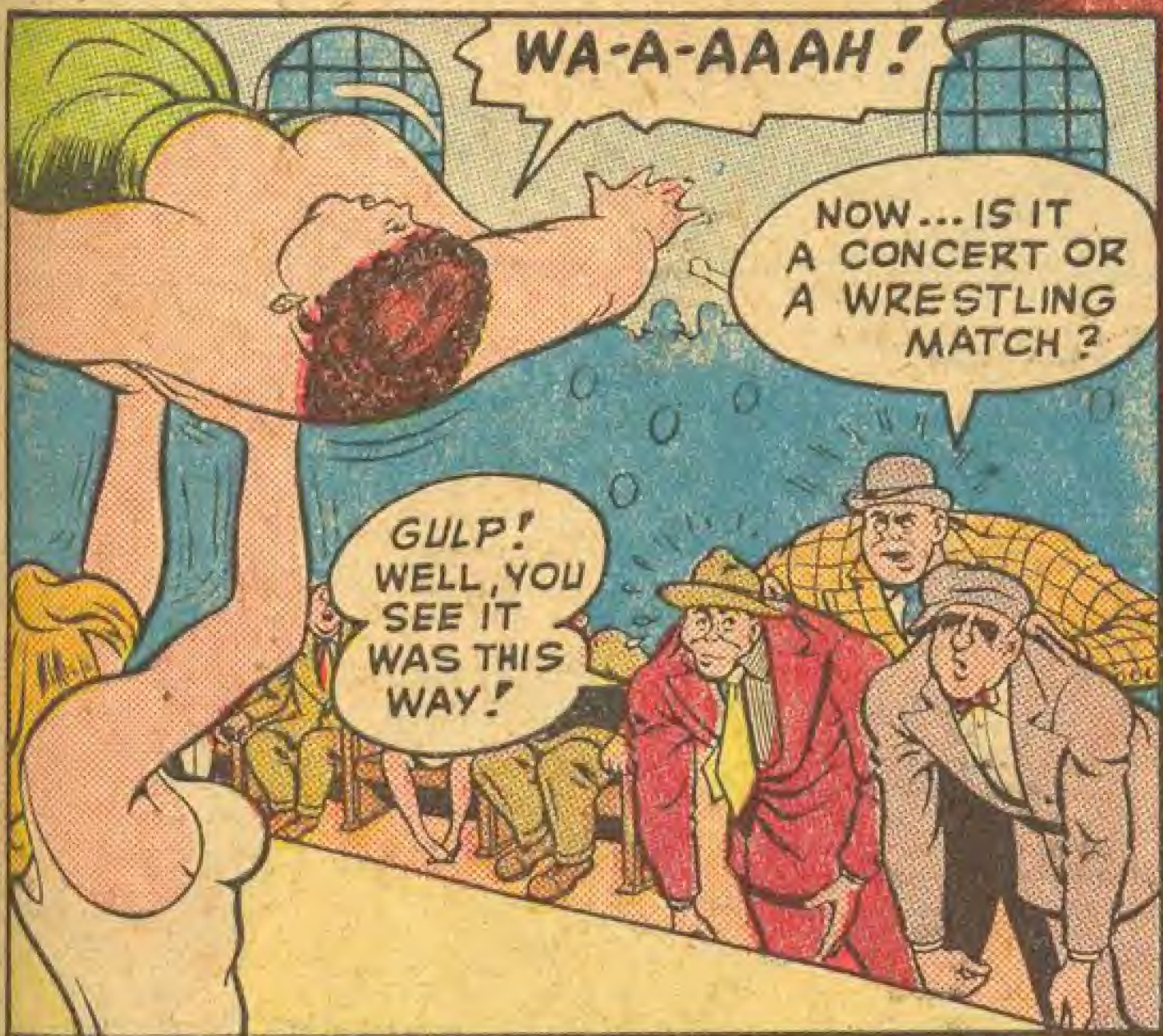
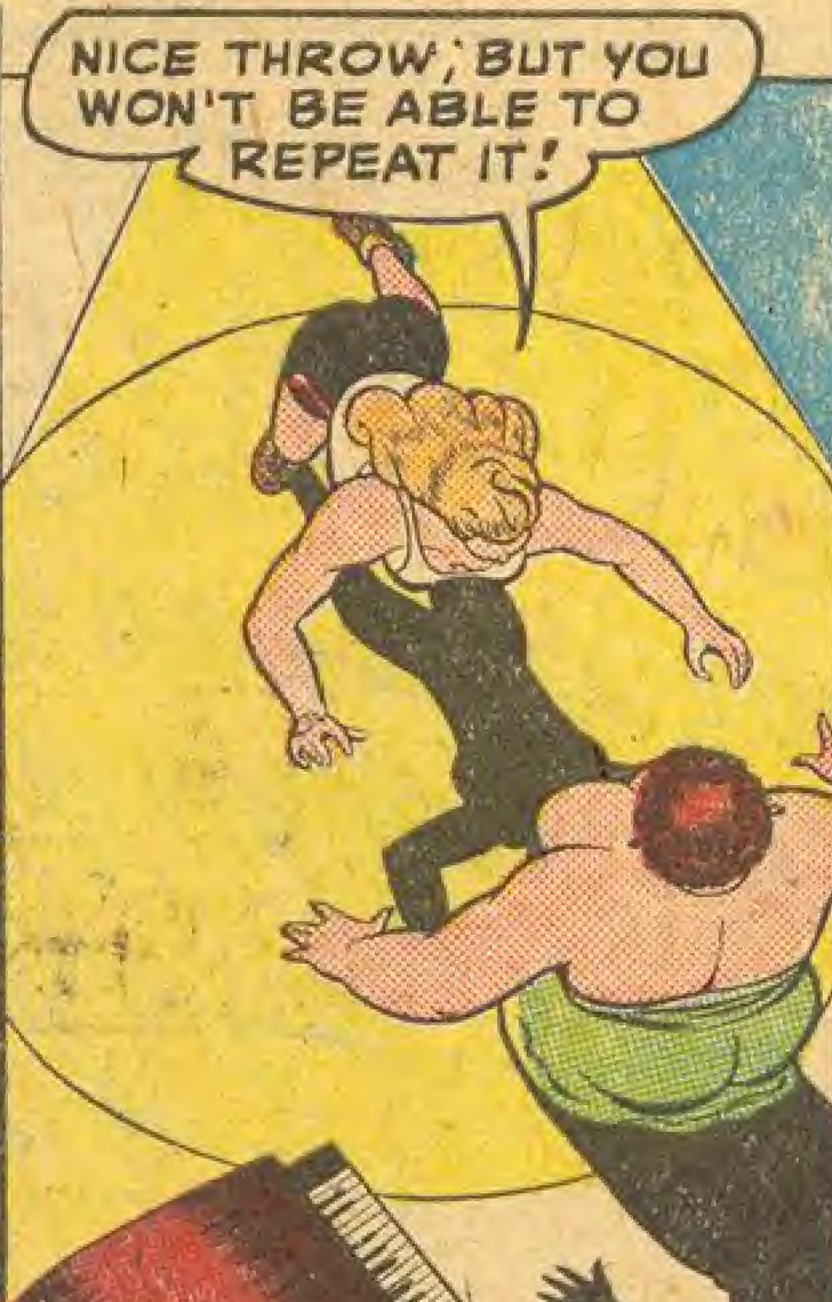
TO SEE CURZI WRESTLE... BUT SHE'S GOOD! I'M GONNA GIVE HER A STORY IN MY PAPER!



YOU FIGHT REPORTERS HAVE AN ODD SENSE OF HUMOR, BUT I MUST SAY THAT THE QUARRELSOME SINGER MADAME CURZI THREW INTO THE PIANO HITS A BEAUTIFUL HIGH F!

WAAAH!

SMASH COMICS



WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!

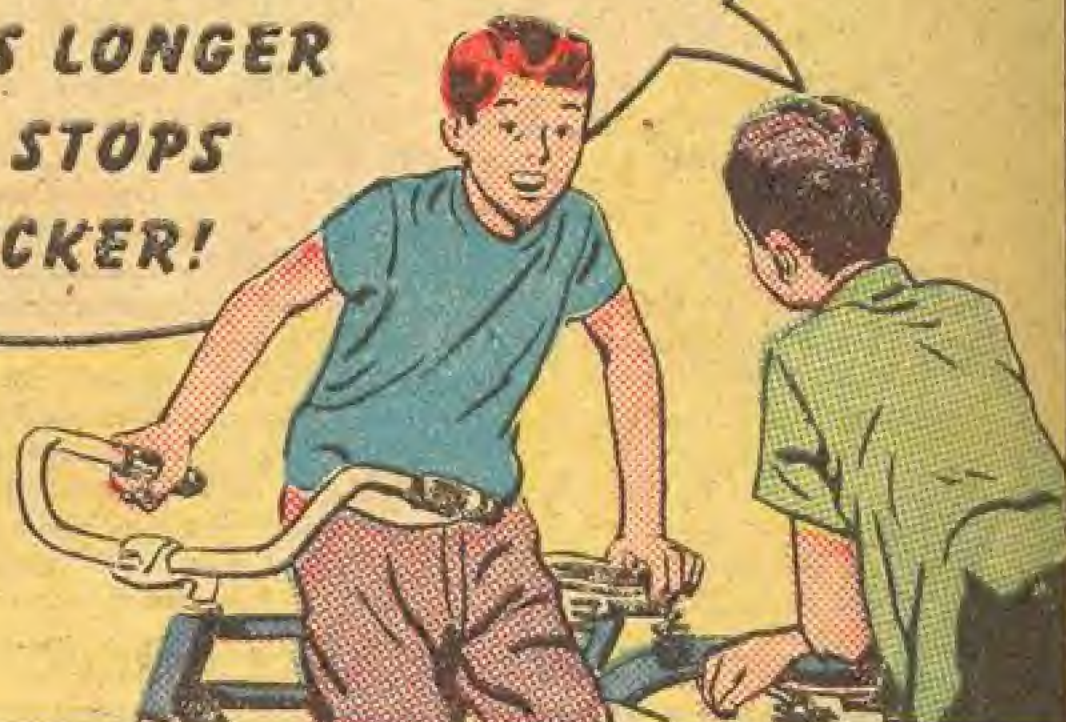


SURE,
IT'S GOT A NEW
Bendix
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX MAKES
BRAKES FOR CARS, TRUCKS AND
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,
COASTS LONGER
AND STOPS
QUICKER!

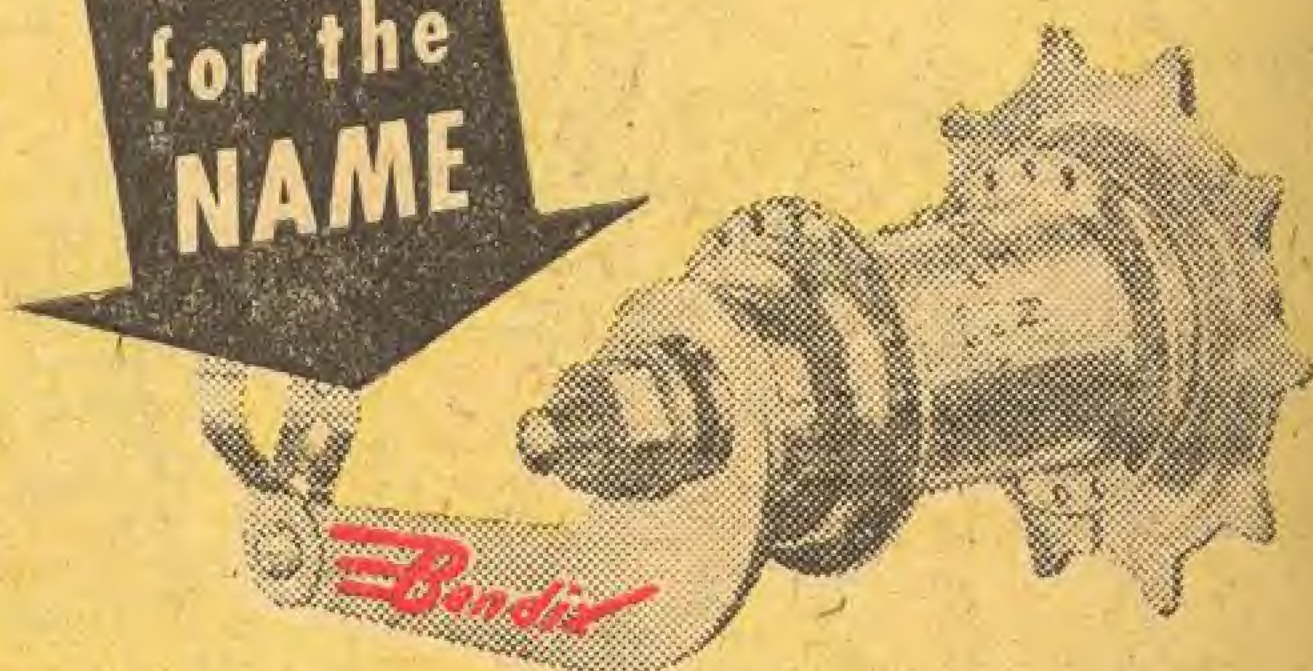


If you want the latest and finest coaster brake, be sure that your new bike has a Bendix Coaster Brake. It is made by America's leading brake manufacturer and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake!

JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

Longer life — Dependable performance —
Fewer parts — Easy to put together and
take apart — Sealed against dirt and water.

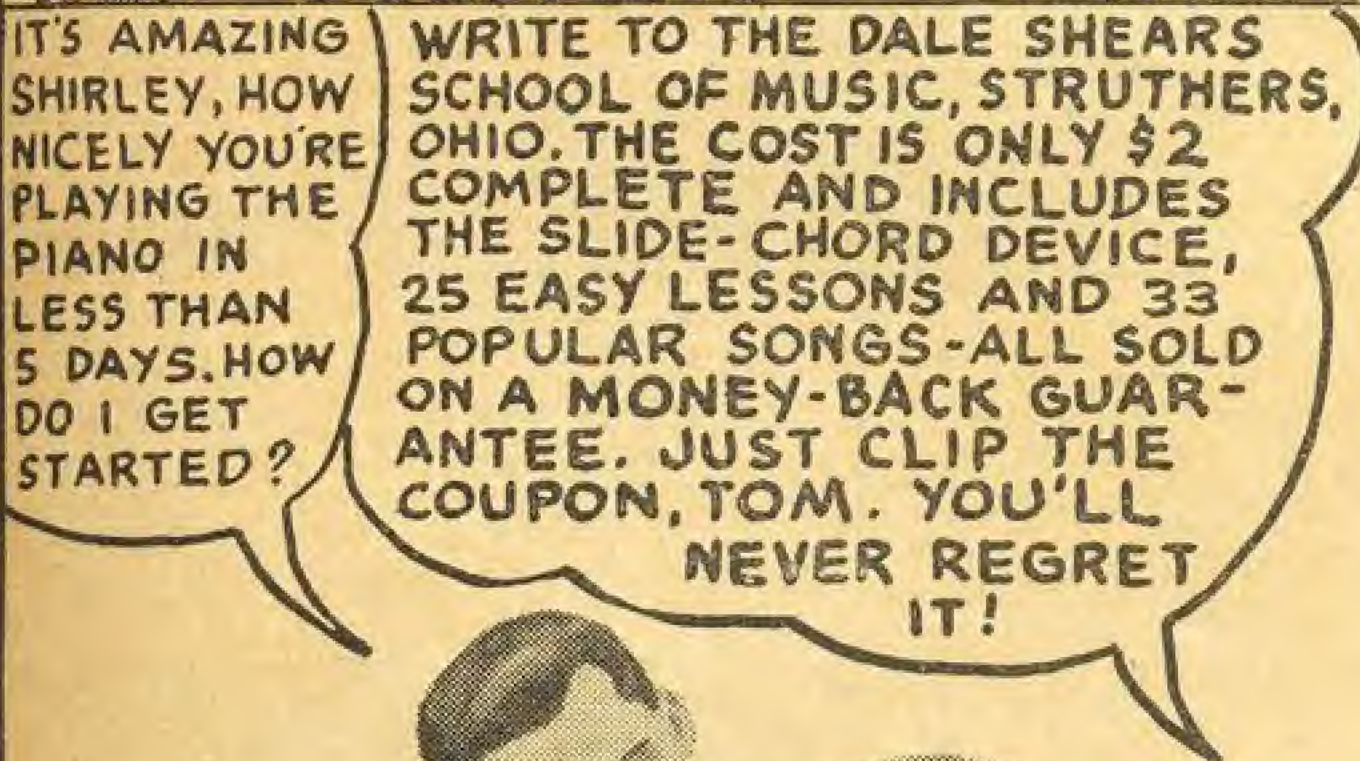
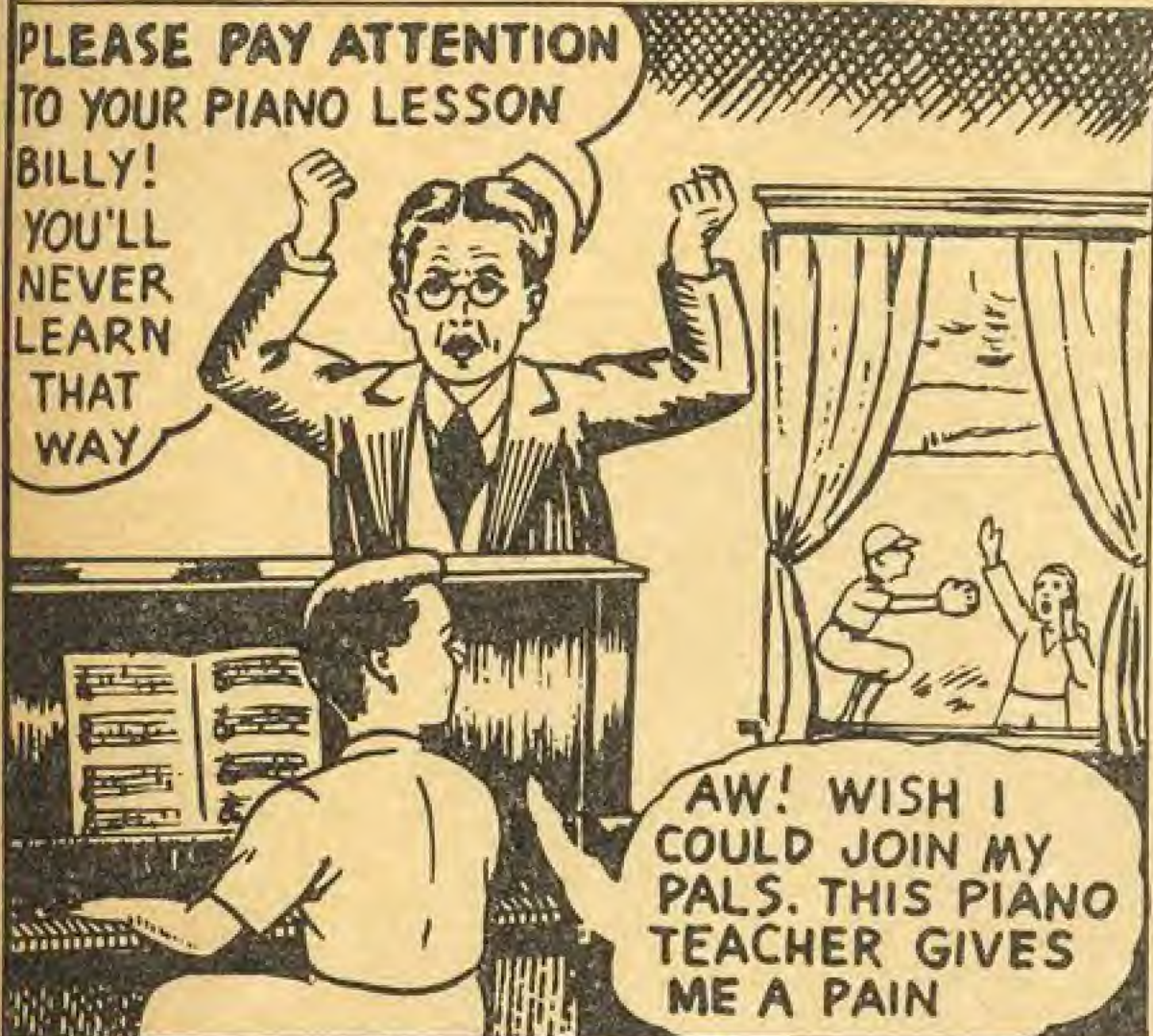
LOOK
for the
NAME



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

HOW A SIMPLE DISCOVERY MADE BILLY A VERY HAPPY BOY



This amazing invention fits any piano and guides your fingers through the most complicated melodies and tunes. No tedious drills or exercises. You get quick and pleasing results by following our Easy ABC PICTURE METHOD containing 25 complete lessons. And in addition there are 33 popular songs so arranged that anyone, even a child, can play them all from 4 simple chords. Now there's no need to envy your piano-playing friends. Overnight, you, too, will become the life of the party.

FREE NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER

Because of the unusual success of our exclusive method, our generous NO RISK offer must prove everything we claim or it costs you nothing. The 25 lesson ABC PICTURE COURSE with 33 SONGS ARRANGED TO PLAY FROM 4 CHORDS and the newly-invented CHORD-SLIDE DEVICE cost only \$2 complete-not a penny more to pay EVER. SEND NO MONEY. Mail the coupon to-day and when the course arrives, pay only \$2 plus the C. O. D. charges (We prepay postage if you enclose \$2) Then, if after 5 days you are not actually playing piano with both hands by ear or note, return the entire course and your \$2 will be refunded.

SEND NO MONEY-MAIL COUPON

Dale Shears School of Music
Studio 4006 Struthers 3, Ohio

☐ Subject to your Money-Back Guarantee, I am enclosing \$2 (cash, check or money order) as full payment for the new CHORD-SLIDE INVENTION, the self-teaching "ABC PICTURE-METHOD" and the 33 POPULAR SONGS, all arranged to be played with 4 simple chords. You agree to pay the postage.

☐ Send COD and I will pay \$2 plus postage. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

Sorry, no C.O.D.'s to Canada.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....



NEWLY INVENTED SLIDE CHORD DEVICE
MOVES OVER KEYBOARD AND TRAINS ANY
ONE TO PLAY PIANO IN ONE DAY

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOILING *The* LUNATIC'S REVENGE



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO-FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM...SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?! WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!



CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, I'LL SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!



THE INSANE MAN LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT! HEH-HEH...

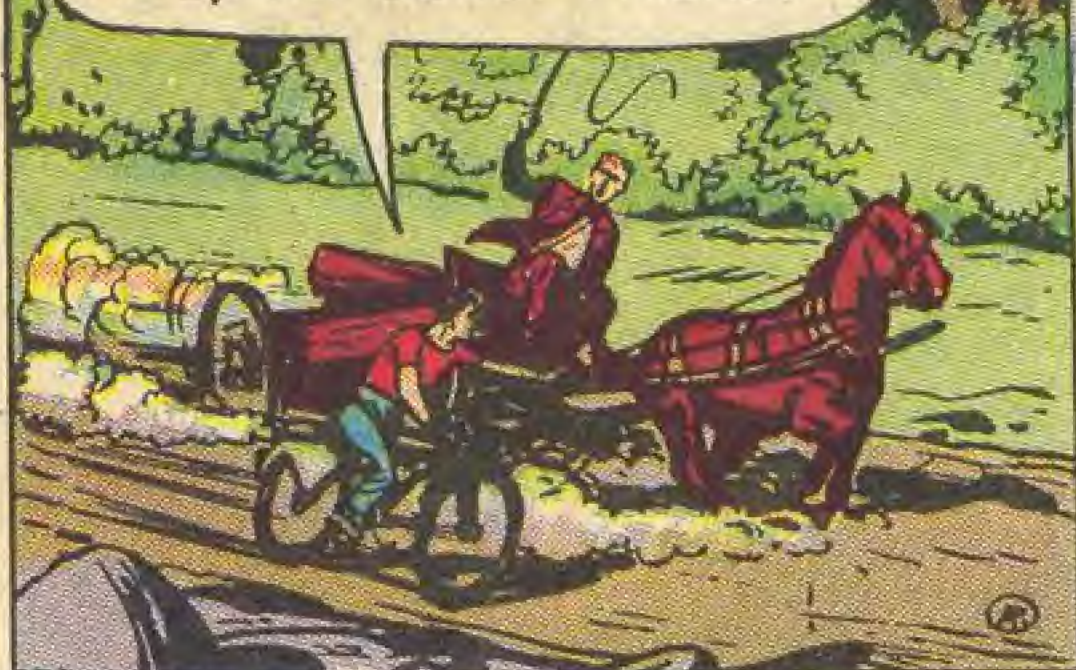


THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!



U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!



LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR...AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!



WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES -- WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science